ONE SHILLING THE MONTHLY

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE

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APRIL, 1879.

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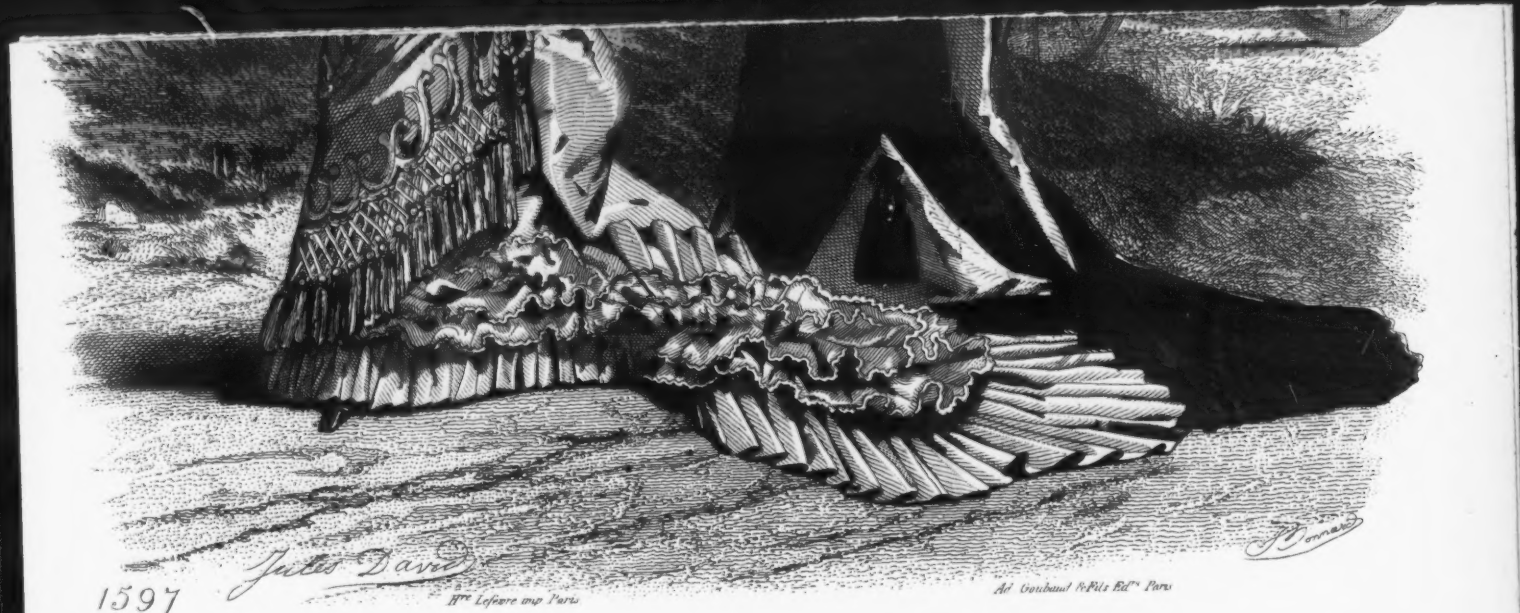

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CHAPTER XII.

AN ADVENTURE.

The same evening.

IN the course of our drive this afternoon a strange adventure befell Cécile. About two o'clock we started in the carriage to pay a visit to the Curé of Louvercy, who had organised a fishing party for us. His house, which is close to the church, is situated on the bank of a stream which is, I think, an affluent of the Eure. Half our party went into the garden, which descends to the river, and then began to fish. Captain Eblis, Madame de Chagres, her husband, and myself remained in the cemetery, which is one of the prettiest little village churchyards which can possibly be imagined. The church itself, hidden among the trees, is a perfect gem of the fifteenth century architecture. Captain Eblis was anxious to make a sketch of it, so they brought us out chairs, and we sat in the circle watching him and admiring the play of sunlight upon the stream and trees. There is at the end of a path leading away from the cemetery an old wooden bridge which crosses the river, and on the other side right opposite is a rocky hill crowned with verdure. This was the prospect that we were admiring on this glorious afternoon.

Cécile soon joined us, for she was apparently tired of fishing, and also, perhaps, missed Captain Eblis from her side. She came towards us in a series of bounds, and then she ran about the little cemetery reading the epitaphs half aloud, but her attention was quickly absorbed by one object, and that was a ready-made grave, for a death had taken place in the village, and no doubt the funeral was appointed for to-morrow morning. This open grave interested Cécile in an extraordinary manner, and after approaching it several times with mingled curiosity and fear she got bolder and bent forward to look down to the bottom of it. But that was a difficult matter because of the sloping mounds of loose gravel and earth which had been dug out. Nevertheless she persisted, and in order to sustain herself she caught hold of the branch of a cypress-tree which was growing close by, and, leaning with the other hand upon her sunshade, we saw her bend her pliant bust over the grave and look into it eagerly. Captain Eblis had perceived her, and in a second had seized the whole surrounding. Her pretty figure in the full sunlight bent over that dark and sinister-looking tomb, that young and fresh face, half-smiling, half-terrified, he quickly turned over a leaf of his sketch-book in order to seize the incident, but suddenly rising he called out—

"Take care, mademoiselle! Good heavens! mind what you are about!"

We all rose at the same moment. The cypress to which Cécile was clinging had been partially undermined by the sexton. It yielded, and, bending forward, she lost her equilibrium, uttered a loud scream, and with extended arms fell into the open grave.

We hurried to her assistance, penetrated by a feeling which it is difficult to describe. For my own part I felt frozen with terror, as if struck by a bolt of ice. We very soon reached the grave. The poor girl had recovered herself, and was now standing upright at the bottom of the grave. Her hair was dishevelled, she looked completely lost, and regarded us with a vacant smile. The MM. de Valnesse had also run up when they had heard her scream. Everybody made suggestions at the same time, and simultaneously proposed plans for getting her out of the grave. We held out our hands to her, but in vain, for the grave was too deep. Some of the gentlemen said that cords would be necessary to extricate her, others suggested chairs or a ladder; meanwhile Cécile appeared to be in such a nervous condition that delay was dangerous.

But now the calm and commanding voice of Captain Eblis silenced all the rest.

"Now, mademoiselle," he said, "don't you be foolish; this is an unfortunate accident, but if you retain your presence of mind you will be taken out in a moment. I am pretty strong, as you shall see. Now allow me to pass my hands beneath your arms."

He knelt down in the sloping *débris*, and smilingly raised Cécile by the shoulders, at the same time gradually recovering his perpendicular, until at last he stood upright beside the grave. Then she gave way and fainted in his arms, where she lay without movement and as pale as death.

"It is not desirable that she should regain consciousness just here," said Captain Eblis; "I will carry her into the field yonder, which looks much more cheerful."

So he left the cemetery, carrying the inanimate body of Cécile clasped to his breast. We made way for him, and when he had placed Cécile on the fragrant herbage she opened her eyes and gazed round wildly for a second

or two. Then suddenly memory returned, and smiling upon him she said—

"Always a father to me."

Her eyes again closed, and she fainted once more.

Water was brought and we bathed her temples, and after loosening her corsage she returned to consciousness. A quarter of an hour later we returned to the château. As we drove back we pretended to make light of the affair without succeeding in removing the superstitious impression which had seized upon Cécile, for although she tried to laugh with us she was very pale and very thoughtful.

But nevertheless this lugubrious incident may, perhaps, eventually be advantageous to her. I was close to Captain Eblis while he was carrying her in his arms, and I could not but observe the expression of his face as he bent over the pretty, lifeless form. His features betrayed not only sympathy and pity, but a more tender admiration. There is no doubt in this same weakness of this delicate girl an unconscious demand for protection which appealed strongly to such a noble heart as his.

Ah! my Cécile, Providence is on your side evidently.

* * * * * *

30th July.

THERE is nothing new to write about. Cécile appears to be more and more under the influence of Captain Eblis, and everybody is beginning to remark it. As for him, I do not know what to think—he is a riddle. He certainly in his manner towards Cécile betrays an amused curiosity, an interest, and even affection, but as far as I can see no passion, nothing, if I may dare to say so, of the regard which I have formerly so often perceived in his manner to me, and which even still I believe he cannot control at times. In his very voice, when he addresses me, there is a thrill which is not observable when he speaks to Cécile. What conflict can be raging in his heart?

I took a walk this morning in the park, and put this question to myself, and I confess that as I did so I could not help crying a little, and yet I am not given to tears. But this continuous agitation to which I am subjected, this terrible rivalry with my dearest friend, the spiritual conflicts between my conscience and my duty, between my unfortunate love and my shattered friendship, is nothing short of martyrdom. During my solitary walk I suddenly encountered Madame de Louvercy, and as I hastily wiped away my tears, Madame de Louvercy, who had her handkerchief in her hand, appeared to me to do the same but she did not recover herself so quickly as I did.

"You have surprised me," she said. "I am in very low spirits to-day."

"Is M. Roger not quite so well?" I asked.

"Physically he is much the same, but it is his moral condition which terrifies me. For the last few days, since he has consented to mix with us, I have been in hopes that he was getting better, but I am afraid that my hopes are groundless. I am even fearful that this very fact of going into society a little makes him feel his shortcomings more than ever, and his regret and humiliation result in anger. You perhaps, who do not see these things, cannot understand them, but I see it every day, and his displays of passion are something terrible to me as his mother and as a Christian. Ah! my dear child," she added, "he does not believe in Providence, and avoids church as if he were a leper. I believe if he were only to pray he would be pacified, if not consoled, but he will not do it. I know he loves me, and yet I have never been able to persuade him to go down upon his knees."

The poor lady gave free vent to her tears, and as we looked sadly upon each other we found a species of consolation in the sympathy of our sorrowful hearts.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONVERSATION—A WILD DRIVE.—THE LAST STRAW!

1st August.

THIS has been an important day in my life.

As there has been somewhat less animation in the château lately we did not have our walk this afternoon. We either kept our rooms or remained downstairs in the sitting-room.

When I had scribbled the above sentences it came into my head to go into the quiet part of the park where I had met Madame de Louvercy, and to resume the reverie which she had interrupted. Just as I entered it I heard footsteps behind me, and turning round I met Captain Eblis.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," he said, "but will you allow me a few minutes' conversation with you?"

My heart beat fast. I felt that the moment had come at last, and that my fate would now be settled once and for ever.

I replied as gaily as I could, though I felt my effort was a failure, that I should be happy to hear what he had to say.

He appeared to be greatly moved himself, and for a few moments walked at my side without speaking. Then he resumed—

"Mademoiselle, my boldness may appear to you excessive, but at any rate it will prove to you the deep

and respectful feelings with which you inspire me, since I wish you to decide the happiness or unhappiness of my life. You, better than any one else in the world, are in a position to judge Mademoiselle Cécile de Stèle. You have been friends from infancy and school companions, I believe?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"You are, therefore, in the best position to judge of her character and disposition. Before making her an offer of my hand and devoting my life to her, may I ask what you think of her?"

"Everything that is good."

"I trust that you will understand, mademoiselle, that it is not commonplace curiosity that dictates these questions, and I trust there may be nothing general in your answers. Mademoiselle de Stèle is a very attractive young lady, very graceful and *spirituelle*, but somewhat peculiar. She astonishes me, and I may say frightens me a little occasionally, so for that reason I ask you, who are probably acquainted with all the hidden corners of her character, what is there to hope or to fear?"

"Cécile," I replied, "has never known a mother's care. She has been brought up entirely by her father, and being an only child has been spoiled. That is the explanation of her caprices and changeable humour which has so struck you. But her disposition is excellent; she is naturally the most tender, the most true and devoted of friends. She will be the tenderest, the truest, and most devoted of wives, provided that—there is a condition—she is properly guided, and that she loves her guide."

"I must beg a thousand pardons," he continued, "but do you think it possible that she can love a man like myself, whose character is so very different from her own, whose serious and almost stern bent of mind is in such strong contrast to her light-heartedness, apparently at least?—You do not answer."

"It is because I am seeking for the proper terms to reply; my thoughts are clear enough on the subject. Well, then, monsieur, I believe that if there is a man who can arouse her affection, reform her little faults, and develop her good qualities even more—in fact, who can make her a faithful, happy, and trusting woman—it is yourself."

He bowed profoundly. Then, after a pause, he said—

"You love her dearly, do you not?"

"Very dearly."

"That speaks volumes for her. I thank you, mademoiselle. I will treat what you have told me as absolutely confidential."

We had been approaching the château as we talked, but now he retraced his steps after once again thanking me, and lifting his hat he disappeared quickly from my view.

As soon as he was out of sight I sank down upon one of the benches, for pride only had sustained me during the interview, and I felt as if the ground was giving way under my feet.

It was all over. In those few moments my whole life was shattered, my heart had received its death-blow.

But how is it possible that a man of honour or of taste can have behaved so? By what secret inspiration, by what refinement of cruelty, can he have been influenced? That is what I cannot understand.

Is it possible that he is conscious of the horrible torture that he inflicts upon me? I do not know. It has come to pass. I can say no more.

As soon as I understood the drift of his speech I had but one idea, and that was to preserve my self-respect in his eyes and in my own by rejecting the feeling of jealousy which prompted me to calumniate Cécile. Perhaps this determination had been carried too far, and had impelled me to say more than I thought and more than the actual truth. But it was better to exaggerate on that side than on the other.

However, the day's trials had not come to an end for me yet. As soon as I recovered myself I continued my walk to try to calm my agitation. I went straight on, not knowing whither I went. I was crossing one of the principal avenues of the park when the sound of carriage-wheels made me turn round. It was M. Roger in his dogcart. He was alone, for notwithstanding his mother's solicitations he refused to take a servant with him, as he had habitually refused any assistance which was not absolutely necessary.

He was driving at a great rate, as usual, and it was with some difficulty that he pulled up his horse when he saw me. As it was, he only stopped within two paces from me.

"Would you like to take a drive, mademoiselle?" he said, with his usual bitter and ironical smile.

I thanked him, but declined.

"Are you afraid of my horse or of me?"

"Neither of one nor the other," I replied.

"Well, then, in that case would you give me the pleasure of your society?"

"I don't think it would be quite proper—would it?"

"Oh, proper!" he repeated, with a toss of his head. "Unfortunately everything is proper with me. Besides, we shall not go outside of our own grounds.

Will you not come? I suppose I make you shudder to look at me?"

I saw that his paleness and the sad expression of his face were increasing. I felt pity for him; and, besides, some little diversion from my thoughts would be beneficial. What could it matter now? It was all the same to me.

"If you will only drive through the park I shall like to go with you very much."

I then got into the dogcart, but not until after I had made two attempts, for the horse was very fresh, and would not stand still. Indeed, M. de Louvercy had some trouble to control it with his single hand.

As soon as I was seated we started off at a tremendous pace.

When we had gone some little distance M. de Louvercy said laughingly—

"You have mistaken your vocation, mademoiselle."

"How do you mean?"

"You were born to be a Sister of Charity. There was one at the hospital at Orleans where I was who was something like you. The likeness struck me directly I saw you. She was not so good-looking as you, though. Are you of West Indian extraction?"

"No, I am a Parisian. And this sister took great care of you, I suppose?"

"Yes, a great deal too much," he replied, with a sigh.

"Why too much?"

"What was the use of preserving a life which is only a burthen to the possessor and to every one else?"

"I hope you won't mind my telling you that you are very ungrateful to God. You have been cruelly wounded, no doubt, but are you not too insensible to the many consolations which are left to you, which are not enjoyed by many other unfortunate people?"

"What consolations, may I ask?"

"First of all your mother. Look at her unceasing tenderness and care for you; then look at the devoted friendship you enjoy—as rare as it is devoted; your power to study; the leisure you have to pursue your reading; the enjoyment it gives, the fame it promises."

"Yes," he replied bitterly, "all that only just keeps one from going out of one's mind, that's all, and there are times when I think I shall go mad, or that I am actually a lunatic."

He drove on in silence for some moments, jerking the reins mechanically, and worrying the horse, which did not need any further excitement. He did not apparently perceive that the animal was getting out of temper and gaining the upper hand.

M. de Louvercy continued—

"Have you seen Eblis this morning?"

"Yes, he had just left me when you drove up."

"Ah! he is a fine fellow, is he not?"

I replied by a simple movement of the head. He was looking at me fixedly.

"You are very pale, mademoiselle. I noticed it when I met you. Is anything the matter?"

"No."

There was a malicious smile on his face, and, as if he did it on purpose, he jerked the reins so violently that the horse started off. It was running away! We should inevitably be upset, and perhaps killed against the park gates. We very narrowly escaped this danger, and, turning swiftly to the right, the animal dashed down the high road, and, as I was aware, in the direction of the river, the banks of which in this direction are very steep and broken.

M. de Louvercy did all he could to soothe his horse, but could not succeed. We continued to rush along like the wind; trees and other objects appeared to fly past, and I began to feel giddy. We were almost at the end of the road, and could perceive the sun shining upon the river, when M. de Louvercy turned to me and said coldly, with the scowling look that he assumes when in a bad temper—

"Mademoiselle, are you very anxious to live?"

In truth I did not much care just then. I merely elevated my eyebrows in reply.

"Does not matter?" he said; "that is a pity!"

I do not know whether or not he was possessed of some secret influence over his runaway steed, and had kept it in reserve till that moment; but, however that may have been, he by a few caressing words and a turn of the wrist brought the animal under control, and we were able to turn into another road leading away from the river.

M. de Louvercy, whose coolness I had been admiring—for we had really been in great danger—now said quietly—

"It is easy enough to understand that I do not much care to live, but that you should be indifferent to existence is a mystery."

"It is a mystery," I replied with an assenting smile.

"Disappointed in love, eh?" he continued with grim irony.

Then after a pause he continued—

"So pretty, and yet despised—that is very curious."

"Sir," I returned hotly, "your misfortunes give you great privileges, no doubt, but I do not think they entitle you to insult a lady."

"Have I not told you that I am an idiot?"

"I can see that," I replied; "but I am glad you reminded me of it."

He did not speak for some time after this, but sat biting his lips till the blood came. Then he said in a voice trembling with emotion—

"Mademoiselle, I am quite unworthy of the honour you have done me. I can see that, and I humbly beg your pardon."

"Very well, sir," I replied; "shall we return now?"

We were then some distance from home, for I could perceive the little church of Louvercy not far off amongst the trees.

"Let us go back," he repeated mournfully, "but let us not return in anger and as enemies. Listen, mademoiselle: is there anything in the world that a poor miserable creature like me can do to show his profound respect for you, and to wipe out the recollection of his ungentlemanlike speech?"

An idea suddenly occurred to me. I remembered that Madame de Louvercy had that morning been lamenting the impiety of her son. I could see the church close by.

"Yes," I replied, "there is something you may do at once, and prove your words, and even gain my esteem. Do you see the church yonder? Come there with me and say your prayers."

He frowned, and then in a softened voice said—

"My mother has been talking to you?"

"Yes."

"Do *you* wish me to go?"

"Yes."

"Let us go, then."

In a few minutes we reached the inclosure. The curate's servant, who was surprised to see M. de Louvercy, came out to hold the horse. We then alighted, and, passing through the cemetery, entered the church, a proceeding which astonished the servant still more.

The church is very simple, and consists of one white and undecorated nave. I preceded M. de Louvercy, whose crutch rang along the aisle. We reached the chairs usually occupied by Madame de Louvercy's family. I indicated a particular seat, and whispered to my companion—

"That is your mother's *prie-dieu*."

I assisted him to kneel down, and he made no resistance. He bent his head upon his hand, and I knelt beside him. I prayed most earnestly for him and for myself, and I then heard sobs.

When we arose I perceived that his face was wet with tears.

"Look," he said; "see what you have made a soldier do!"

"But you are forgiven now," I replied, as I held out my hand to him.

We soon entered the dogcart again, and drove rapidly but steadily homewards. His emotion had passed away, and he became almost cheerful, and even spoke to the peasants whom we met on the way, inquired about their affairs, and told me all their history. I knew before this that he was very popular in the district, for his misanthropy did not prevent him doing good to his poorer neighbours.

We were driving through the park, when at a turn of the road we perceived three people walking slowly in front of us. These were Madame de Louvercy, Captain Eblis, and Cécile. They appeared greatly surprised to see me with M. Roger.

"Mother," he cried, laughing, "I thought I was going to run away with Mademoiselle d'Erra, but she ran away with me, and do you know where she took me to? No, you will never guess. Well, then, I will let her tell you herself."

I alighted, and taking Madame de Louvercy apart, I whispered—

"I took him to the church: he has been praying."

She uttered a cry of joy, and clasped me rapturously in her arms.

"Oh! my darling, darling girl!" she exclaimed, and then after a pause and deep sigh she continued—

"This is not the only piece of good news I have heard to-day. Do you know that Cécile?"—and she pointed towards her as she stood beside Captain Eblis.

"Yes, I know," I replied.

"Who would ever have thought that she would have chosen so wisely, and that he—but God works for the best."

Cécile now came up, and taking my arm, said to her aunt—

"Will you let her come with me for a little time?"

So Madame de Louvercy and Captain Eblis went on to join M. Roger, who was walking his horse gently homewards. Cécile took my arm and led me by a winding path to a retired part of the park which is called the Hermitage. The story goes that this place was formerly the habitation of a hermit, and they think that some traces can be discovered of his dwelling, but the only portion that remains intact is a very old and narrow archway, within which a spring bubbles up. This is the source of the little stream which traverses the wood. There is a large space of ground which might formerly have been a garden, and in which, to this day, are many trees. It is a singularly wild and

pleasant spot, very solitary, but very charming—one of those picturesque places which remind one of the representations of antique fountains, surrounded by joyous nymphs and shepherds.

Cécile led the way in silence, and then looking at me with a restless expression in her eyes, she threw her arms round me and burst into tears.

"Ah!" she cried, "I have taken him from you, I have taken him from you!"

My tears mingled with hers, but I kissed her and said—

"What nonsense! What can you be thinking of? Don't worry yourself about such an idea."

"You have been so good to me," she continued, still weeping, "so generous—he has told me so. You are far more worthy of him than I, but you do not love him very much. Oh, tell me if you do!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, my darling—make yourself quite easy—it is merely a feeling of friendship."

"As for me, I adore him. Listen," she continued. "It is here in this lonely spot that he told me he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. I should like to be buried here. Do you think that could be managed?"

"I am sure I cannot say, dear; you say very absurd things, you know."

"I believe I am rather silly, but do you think he will be happy with me? I do so wish that he may be."

"He will be happy, dearest."

I need not continue. I was not spared a single pang. I can write no more. What can I do now? I will wait till to-morrow, and will tell my grandmother everything.

CHAPTER XIV.

TORTURE! *2nd August.*

My grandmother, in common with the whole house, was soon made acquainted with the news of Cécile's engagement. Although very much annoyed, and even angry, she received the intelligence calmly, and in a way which set me an example. She merely said as she left me on the stairs—

"That young man must have a very curious taste, my dear."

She came into my room this morning just as I was waking from a very troubled sleep. Having kissed me warmly, she said—

"My dearest child, Mesdames de Sauves and de Chagres have just informed me that they are going away to-day with their brothers. I must say I think their conduct ridiculous. It is tantamount to an expression of their disappointment. It is ridiculous, and in bad taste. We have a little more pride than that, I hope, my dear."

I quite agree with her.

"We know how to put up with disappointment, and although it may be very trying we will remain here for a little time longer—at least that is my advice. Can you bear it?"

"I will school myself to it," I replied.

"Besides, my dearest child, to leave now, under the circumstances, would not be reasonable or worthy of us. It is very much better to try and look things in the face, if I may use the expression. Do you not think so?"

"I do not know yet."

"Well, you will see. If it is too trying for you we will go away. I beg your pardon, my dear, if I seem to ride roughshod over your grief instead of being more tender with you, but it is the wisest plan. We ought never to nurse our sorrows. Give me a kiss, darling, and be sure I love you very dearly."

She went away into her own apartment that I should not see her cry, I verily believe.

I had often heard worldly people turn the constancy of love into ridicule, particularly in my own sex, which I must now beg leave to doubt, or at any rate to record an exception. It appears impossible to me that my heart should ever again, even in the most distant future, open to any sentiment which could supersede that which it has already admitted. Right or wrong, I am convinced that I should always love the man whom I have loved once with all my heart, with all the power and passion of my life. I cannot even picture to myself the possibility that with such feelings I ever could be united to another. Unless, therefore, some great change takes place in me—a change which I neither desire nor expect—I shall never marry. As long as my grandmother is spared to me I will live with her and for her. If I survive her I will return to the convent in which my youth was passed, and never appear in the world again. I feel that then I shall not be unhappy. No doubt I shall carry about with me sad memories, but I shall find some consolation. Apart from the poetic surroundings of the cloister and the sweet familiarity of Divine things, I shall there find in my humble vocation of instructress the shadow of maternal devotion of which I shall never know the reality. What I have formerly done for Cécile I will now do for others, and they will be my children.

In this manner having prepared for the future, I will for the present conform to my grandmother's desires; her firmness is in accord with my own wishes. I should blush to confess a humiliating disappointment by an

abrupt departure. That I shall suffer much I do not doubt, but I believe that during the last four-and-twenty hours I have endured all that it is possible for me to suffer.

* * * * * *

8th August.

My grandmother has had a lengthy interview with Madame de Louvercy, the object of which I have not been able to discover, but which appears to have modified her arrangements. Instead of leaving, as we intended, after a lapse of some days, we are to go to-morrow. She came and told me this, saying that we had done enough for dignity. My grandmother looked very grave, and Madame de Louvercy, as I met her leaving my grandmother's apartments, appeared greatly disturbed.

However, nothing has passed which in any way interferes with their regard for each other, that is evident. They are as affectionate as ever, but a sadness has fallen upon them. I have relinquished all hope of fathoming the mystery, which disturbs me very little.

The important question for me is that we are going away. I confess I overrated my strength. I cannot endure this torture longer. The departure of the Valnesse party naturally has thrown me more into the society of the *fiancés*, and I must be a silent witness of their love-making and of their happiness, a smiling yet despairing witness of their love.

Jealousy is a terribly complicated disease. It not only brings acute suffering with it, but it degrades the sufferer. One is not only tortured but humiliated. The wound is not clean nor healthy. Pride festers it, envy and hatred mortify within it. Every passionate heart, I suppose, at some time or other, is capable of the most unworthy sentiments; the merit is not in being incapable of such feelings, but in hating and overcoming them. This is what I am endeavouring, by God's assistance, to accomplish. But I am very glad we are going away!

I have promised Cécile to come back for the wedding if she is married here, but I think the ceremony ought to take place in Paris, and I should much prefer that myself.

M. de Louvercy did not join us at breakfast this morning. He is apparently suffering a great deal. I have noticed this for some days indeed, that he has been very languid, and more ailing than formerly.

I am sorry to have to leave without bidding him good-bye. I shall in all probability never see him again, for he never leaves Louvercy, and I sincerely hope I may never see it again.

Poor M. Roger! I shall always cherish a kindly recollection of him for what he did for me.

Our Kitchen Gardens:

HOW TO MAKE THEM ORNAMENTAL AS WELL AS PROFITABLE.

BUSH fruit we come to now, under which general name are included currants, red, white, and black, gooseberries, and raspberries. The cultivation of all these is very easy; but a great deal depends upon proper pruning, and a great deal also upon the sorts grown. In pruning white and red currants, take hold of each branch at its extreme point with the left hand, and with a sharp knife in the right remove every fresh side shoot up the branch from the bottom to the top, leaving to each a short spur about a quarter of an inch long, then shorten the top of the branch to three or four buds. It is from the spurs that the bunches of currants are produced.

The pruning of black currants and gooseberries differs somewhat from this. They bear on the young wood, and in their case, therefore, these shoots are only very moderately shortened, if at all, but whole branches are cut out, so as to leave the bushes as open as possible to light and air, and to allow the hand of the gatherer to pass freely into them. Raspberries should have all dead wood removed as soon as the leaves have fallen, and be reduced to two, or at most three, strong canes, which must be cut back to about four feet. Suckers must be carefully removed from all bush fruit. In white and red currants there has been a great improvement in late years both in size and quality. There is a large red and also a white variety, called the white grape, which are not only profuse bearers, but the bunches of which are longer and the berries larger than the old sorts. These varieties are but seldom met with in private gardens. We have grown them for some time, and they have been much admired. We obtained the stock from Messrs. Dancer, of Fulham. They are so infinitely superior to all the old sorts that we now grow no others. Of gooseberries the new Lancashire varieties are the largest,

and, where birds do not give much trouble, they may be grown with advantage, but we agree with Mr. Shirley Hibberd when he says that "the best old varieties still hold their own." Among these we may specify the white and red champagne, the old green hairy, and Warrington, to which there are none superior. The Globe and Husbandman are good yellow sorts. To economise space we have lately adopted the plan of growing red currants as standards in rows with gooseberries, one standard between each gooseberry-bush. We recommend the plan not only as being profitable but extremely ornamental. The standard currants are very attractive objects in the kitchen-garden, especially in the fruit season.

We must say a word or two about raspberries. The best sorts are the red and yellow Antwerp, Falstaff, the Prince of Wales, and Vice-President. A good rich soil is required to produce fine fruit, and strong canes should be selected. The best time for planting is October. It is usual to tie raspberry plants to a single stake; but a far more economical and ornamental plan is to dispense with stakes altogether, and bend the canes of every pair of raspberry bushes towards each other, or to tie them in the form of an arch. We are inclined to believe that the bending of the wood has a further advantage in increasing productiveness. The only other fruit which requires notice here is the strawberry. The varieties are infinite, and the new, in our opinion, are not equal to the old in flavour, though they may surpass them in size. However, with beds of the Elton Pine, the old Carolina, Dr. Hog, the British Queen, and Oscar, every owner of a small garden should be content. The best time for making new beds is August; and if space cannot be spared then, the runners, at any rate, should be taken at that time, set a few inches apart in a light soil to root, and in the spring of the year carefully taken up separately with a trowel and placed in a bed at proper distances. Where the plants are kept separate the finest fruit is produced, but strawberries in rows return the largest profit. The rows should run about three feet apart from centre to centre, and on the first of May each year the spaces between the rows should be filled two inches deep with good manure. This will be washed in by the time the fruit is ripe, and enable the plants in the driest season to carry out an abundant crop. We have adopted the plan for some years, and have every reason to be well satisfied with it.

Of the permanent vegetables some are highly ornamental in growth, and for these a prominent position should be reserved. Rhubarb and globe artichokes, for instance, when well grown, are very pleasing objects. Of the former we grow two sorts—an early variety, the leaves of which are of a light yellowish green colour, and the stalks, when forced under seakale pots, of a bright pink. The other variety is the Victoria, a mosr prolific bearer, and growing to a prodigious size. The two keep up a good succession, and are grown on ridges. A full dressing of manure is every year dug in around the roots as soon as the pulling of the stalks is over. Globe artichokes grown in rows form an excellent screen, and in patches at intervals they serve well to break the monotony of a kitchen-garden, for the plants themselves are stately, and both foliage and fruit conspicuous. Asparagus is a wholesome and delicious vegetable, and there should be one or two beds of it in every garden. Moderate-sized asparagus is the best in flavour. We are no admirers of those gigantic and sickly-looking heads which are exhibited in most vegetable markets. The flavour of asparagus—though the cooking has a great deal to do with it—depends mainly upon the care taken in its cultivation. It requires a deep rich soil and a plentiful dressing of salt two or three times in the course of the year. It should not be cut later than the middle of June, nor should it be allowed to ripen seed unless the bed is deficient in plants. In forming new beds buy three-year-old plants of the Connover strain, for these may be cut the following season.

Seakale is another useful permanent vegetable. As its name indicates, it delights in an occasional dressing of salt. Salt should be sown over the bed during growth, and washed in with rainwater or liquid manure. It is a good plan to begin to force seakale as soon as the leaves fall from the trees, for these, with a few barrow-loads of stable manure, make the best covering for the seakale pots, and used in this way the pots will be disengaged soon enough in the following spring to be placed over early rhubarb.

We must now turn our attention to the variable crops which comprise the staple of vegetable garden produce. These are peas, beans, potatoes, onions, carrots, parsnips, celery, cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, greenkale, savoys, lettuces, endive, salsafy, scorzonera, spinach, turnips, vegetable marrows, tomatoes, saladings of different sorts, &c., &c. At some future time it may be desirable to give cultural directions for these, and to recommend such varieties of each as may be most profitable. At present our space will not permit us to do more than insist upon those general principles which so mainly contribute to success. The chief of these are liberal and judicious manuring and a proper rotation in cropping. Though all vegetables are improved both in quantity and quality when grown in a rich soil, it is not every sort that

can endure the fresh application of manure. For all the Brassica or cabbage tribe manure can hardly be too abundant or too strong. So also celery, peas, beans, onions, and beet delight in a liberal dressing, but for carrots, parsnips, salsafy, and the like, fresh manure is injurious. It induces them to form what the gardeners term fangs or fingers—that is, to become misshapen. Potatoes also are much less liable to disease when grown upon moderately rich land which was manured for some previous crop. Here we may recognise one important reason for a proper rotation. There is also another reason equally powerful. The chemist shows us by analysing the ashes of a cabbage which he has burned to powder that it contains 21 per cent. of sulphuric acid, 12 per cent. of phosphoric acid, 20 per cent. of soda, 11 per cent. of potash, and 20 per cent. of lime, and, by analysing a potato, that it contains 55 per cent. of potash, 1 per cent. only of soda, 13 per cent. of sulphuric acid, 12 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and 2 per cent. of lime. All these are the constituent parts of the soil, and those crops are best suited to succeed each other which take up the most unlike constituents. That which is taken out of the soil by any particular crop can, of course, be restored by manures which chemically contain the proper constituents, or, if lime be granted, Nature, from its abundant treasury, will reproduce, by the action of the atmosphere and by other means, whatever is wanting to supply the deficiency created by the growth of any particular crop. The means of reproduction, though science may fail to define them, are apparently in all soil inexhaustible. Independently of all human agency, time will replenish the most exhausted soil.

From what we have too briefly stated it is obvious that in kitchen-garden cropping, plants of the same families should never succeed each other. Tap-rooted plants should come between those that have surface roots, and light short-lived crops should succeed those that occupy ground for a longer space of time. The cabbage tribe and potatoes are, perhaps, the most exhausting crops grown to any extent in small kitchen-gardens, and these should be kept as much apart as possible.

It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules in gardening. The laws of the Medes and Persians have no power here. Something must be grown upon every available space of ground, and the wants of the family must be consulted. Perhaps the following order of rotation may serve as a guide and be found useful. We will consider the space of ground devoted to the growth of variable crops in the kitchen-garden divided into three compartments. No. 1. The first year shall contain short hard crops, such as peas, beans, spinach, salading, to be followed by cabbages. No. 2. Tap-rooted plants, such as carrots, parsnips, salsafy, beet, &c. No. 3. Potatoes, turnips, and onions. The next year let No. 2 be cropped as No. 1 in the previous year, and No. 3 as No. 2. In the third year the original No. 3 would be cropped as the original No. 1, and so on in successive years. Deep digging should precede every crop, and if the subsoil be good a trenching of a small portion two spits deep every season will be found most beneficial.

We would gladly go deeper into our subject and give cultural directions for each particular crop, but this must be deferred for another opportunity.

SOLD OUT!

(*See Front Page.*)

SOLD out! All gone! Eh, won't my old man smile
To see the empty basket on my head!
Well, surely now, it is a pretty pile—
A main sight better than my "master" said.
"Ten shillings, mother," so he says, "will suit."
I've got the money, and a shilling "boot."
Ten and one's eleven—none to spare,
And there's the doctor's charges to be met;
He must be paid, though all his time and care
Could never bring us back our little pet.
My poor dead darling, how she loved the sea,
The boats, the nets, and selling fish with me!

Dear heart! But wishing will not bring her back,
And I must not give way to sorrow now;
There's always stones in everybody's track,
The best of earth complains not of the plough.
So in silence let me bear my pain
Until I meet my darling once again.

How We Live Now.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

NO. IV.

I SOON found, when I came to tackle the question of "how to live decently in the most economical manner" in earnest, that theories did not avail me at all, nor did such imagination as Providence has gifted me with very much for that matter. I could "think out" the life story of a brace of young beings, but I could not "think out" a dinner my husband could eat without a cookery-book, nor could I apportion out the righteous meed of rations to each individual member of my household without having some indisputable precedent to go by, and this latter I found in Mrs. Beeton's admirable *Book of Household Management*. From her pages I learnt that half a pound of butter a head, quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar a week for each individual, was ample provision—nay, liberal catering. From her pages I learnt that the secret of the success of good cooking is to have everything of the best—from this and other sources how moderately cheap soups might be made out of so many pounds of beef, veal, and stock; and, on the other hand, how soups may be made without either beef, veal, or stock of any kind, and still be "toothsome and nutritious."

It became absolutely necessary for me to make two pounds a week cover the butcher's, grocer's, greengrocer's, butter, bacon, and egg bills. Fish, lamp-oil, milk, and bread were extras. This is how I set about my task:—

In the first place I limited the household consumption of meat to two joints of fresh meat, one hand of salt pork, and one pound of sausages a week. We were eight in family in those days—my husband and myself, three children, and three female servants—and we always contrived to have something ready should a sudden demand for an unprovided meal arise.

In the first place I always have a good leg of Welsh mutton, lean and well hung, brought to the house on Tuesday mornings. This leg I look upon as my reserve force should two or three of the inevitable "unexpected" luncheon guests drop in twice or thrice in the week, for its knuckle-end makes a pretty little extra dish braised and stewed brown with celery and haricot beans, or Spanish onion, carrot, and turnip; and two or three cutlets can be cut from the fillet without damaging the appearance of the latter when it comes to be stuffed with sweet herb stuffing, and roasted later on in the week.

The other joint is a seven or eight pound piece of wing rib or sirloin of beef. If the former is the joint the cook takes off the ends of the ribs and salts them. In any case the beef gives the whole family three good dinners, with the addition of soups and puddings. The day it is roasted we have vegetable soup pure and simple without a particle of meat flavouring in it. This is made with lentils (which ought to be soaked for twelve hours and boiled for six), celery, haricot beans, Spanish onion, one large turnip, and a leek. These vegetables can either be boiled to pulp and passed through a tammy, or the onion, turnip, celery, and leek can be left in the shapes in which they are cut up. An ounce and a-half of butter and the yolk of one egg renders this soup (which is nutritious without their aid) appetising enough to induce children to partake of it, and, with the hot roast beef and a Yorkshire pudding generally forms my Saturday's dinner.

On Sunday we have the beef cold with a "Russian salad," composed of cooked beetroot, celery, carrot, and parsnip, chopped gherkins, capers, sliced onion or shalot, two or three olives, and a good mayonnaise sauce poured over all. In winter I sometimes substitute for this a "curry salad," which is composed of sliced boiled potatoes, Spanish onions, celery, and curry (very hot) poured over them.

But a soup invariably precedes this cold beef and salad, and the following are some of the soups I chiefly affect. Those marked * are "Lenten" soups, founded on vegetarian principles, yet still not *maigre* by any means.

A capital "turnip soup" can be made as follows:—

* "Two pounds of turnips cut into dice, 4 oz. of butter, two chopped onions, a dessert-spoonful of brown sugar, pepper and salt to two quarts of water. *Simmer* for twenty minutes, stir in a cupful of flour and a quart of milk; *boil* for twenty minutes, and serve with dice of fried bread."

* 2. *Carrot soup.*—"Scrape, parboil, drain, and put a dozen carrots into a stewpan with a pint of milk, two onions, chopped celery, 2 oz. of butter, and some pepper and salt. Let this simmer till the carrots are quite soft; beat up well, add two pints of water and a little sugar, and heat short of boiling."

* 3. *Lentil soup.*—"Skin four onions, a turnip, a

carrot, some parsley, thyme, and a bay-leaf into a stewpan, with a quarter of a pound of butter. Stir till they get brown. Then add a quart of lentils (previously soaked) and three quarts of water. Let all simmer till the lentils are soft. Season and pass through a tammy, or serve with vegetables in pieces."

* 4. *Strasbourg soup.*—"Five lettuces, a cucumber, chervil, parsley, tarragon, some nutmeg, pepper, salt, sugar, and an ounce of butter. Simmer in a pot for a quarter of an hour; then add a tablespoonful of ground rice or cornflour. Mix with three quarts of water; stir in four teaspoonfuls of *Swiss milk*, six yolks of eggs, and some sugar."

* 5. "Scald, drain, and wash two dozen oysters; melt two ounces of butter and mix with it two ounces of cornflour; add three pints of water flavoured with chili and tarragon vinegar, anchovy sauce, and nutmeg; add four teaspoonfuls of Swiss milk. Cut up the oysters and pour the soup over them; serve with fried dice of bread."

* 6. *Soup of the sea.*—"Two quarts of the liquor in which any sea-fish has been boiled; the claws of a lobster boiled and beaten up to a paste, shell and all, sliced onions, carrots, lettuce, celery, and some parsley, garlic, chervil, and sorrel slightly chopped. When these are cooked add a sauce of yolks of egg and milk; season, and pour on to slices of bread in the bottom of the tureen."

To any one of these soups *meat* stock of any kind may be added with impunity, and for vegetarians I append the receipt for a *fish*-stock which is as strengthening and succulent as can well be desired:—

Take, then, 3lbs. of hard dry peas, wash and boil them, adding water so as to prevent the peas from becoming cooked (a key or any piece of any iron in the pot will prevent their softening). Let them boil for some hours. Then strain off the broth and make a *purée* of the peas. Take plenty of carrots and onions, toss them in a stewpan with butter till they are partially browned; then cover with bits of parsley roots, leeks, mushrooms, small white onions whole, a carp's body, two or three cloves, and a little pepper and salt. Take the pot containing this mixture by both hands and shake backwards and forwards till the contents are richly browned. Then mix with it the *purée* of peas; boil gently for an hour, strain, and pass through a tammy. The rich skin of salmon, turbot, plaice, or soles is an excellent addition to this fish-stock."

"*Lobster soup*" may be made very inexpensively in the following way:—A tin of lobster, costing tenpence, answers the purpose as well as a fresh one at half-a-crown. Chop up an onion, carrot, some shalots, parsley, thyme, celery, and a bay-leaf; brown these in a stewpan with some butter; mix in four ounces of flour, or two of cornflour; then stir the mixture into three pints of the fish-stock, or of water. After boiling let it simmer for a time; then put in the lobster, which has been bruised in a mortar, and boil. Pass through a tammy and skim. Add a little white wine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of anchovy—pepper and salt. A teaspoonful of cream greatly improves this soup.

Bouilli-à-baisse is a dish that I have when the supply of meat runs short, or has ceased for a day or two. It may be made with a mixture—mackerel, red mullet, sole, cod, hake, plaice, smelts, salmon, or, indeed, any fish that are in season together and attainable. These must be cut up with chopped onion and heated (not browned) in some butter in a flattish saucepan; then add another onion, some salad oil, a little garlic, a bay-leaf, slices of lemon, two or three tomatoes, fresh if possible (but the preserved ones answer the purpose), a pinch of saffron, and a glass of sherry; add cold water enough to cover the whole, and put on a quick fire for a quarter of an hour; then add a spoonful of chopped parsley, give it another half-boil, and pour the liquid over slices of bread, serving the fish in a separate dish garnished with the materials of their seasoning. The fish may be dressed whole (with their heads and fins off), cut in half, or chopped up small. I prefer them in moderate-sized pieces.

Having given a list of nourishing, savoury, and inexpensive soups, I will now go on to describe how the Monday's dinner of minced beef is made out with various frugal "messes," as people who believe solely in the solid and substantial call them. And first I will give receipts for three pies, the materials of which are within reach of every one:—

No. 1. *Dutch pie.*—Butter a flat dish and put a layer of lightly-fried bread-crumbs; then break four or five eggs into it; over these lay thin slices of gherkin, or any mixed pickle; then a layer one inch thick of light mashed potato over the whole. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs, and put in the oven till the eggs are cooked and the potato brown.

No. 2. *Normandy pie.*—Cut up potatoes, celery, carrot, beetroot, lettuces, French beans, or scarlet-runners, tomatoes, cucumber, broccoli, and, indeed, any vegetable *excepting cabbage*. Put these into a pie-dish with a couple of hard-boiled eggs sliced, chopped onion, parsley, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, half-a-pint of any kind of meat-stock, or a little gravy. Cover with light lard and dripping crust, and bake.

No. 3.—Put a layer of well-strained boiled rice into the dish. Pour curry sauce over the rice, and add

slices of potato, cold sole, or flakes of boiled cod (or any other fish), an anchovy or two, two or three hard-boiled eggs sliced, and another layer of curry sauce. Cover with rice sprinkled with bread-crumbs, and slightly brown in the oven.

Either one of these pies materially aids a dinner when it is preceded by soup, accompanied by a hash or mince, and followed by an omelette or pudding. Either of the four following receipts for omelettes is excellent:—

No. 1.—To four eggs add two ounces of grated cheese, pepper and salt, tarragon and shalot finely chopped; beat up together, and when the omelette becomes firm in the pan, roll and let it brown on one side, and serve with speed.

No. 2.—Any small fish, or the remains of any large ones—an onion, a shalot, a tiny bit of garlic, chopped up together, and put into a saucepan, with a tuft of herbs, add salt and pepper. Pour over this half a tumblerful of common claret. Put on a hot fire and boil for half-an-hour. Knead some butter and flour into eight or ten balls the size of a nut, and put them into a hot dish. Beat up eggs as usual, pour contents of saucepan over them, roll lightly and serve.

No. 3.—*Eggs au gratin.*—Boil some eggs hard and slice them. Put as much white sauce as will cover the slices into a stewpan, add some butter, some grated cheese, nutmeg, the yolk of two eggs, and a spoonful of lemon-juice. Stir over the fire till it thickens. Put the slices of egg into a hot dish in layers, spreading this mixture between each; cover the top with it, sprinkle with fried bread-crumbs and grated cheese; garnish with fried croûtons, put into the oven for a few minutes.

No. 4.—Prepare the omelette in the usual way, and pour over young peas, asparagus, boiled celery, or any other delicate vegetable—or if a sweet omelette is desired, substitute any fruit that may be in season, or preserve; all sorts of variations may be introduced into the flavouring, but whatever this latter may be, omelettes will always remain a cheap luxury.

I now come to the consideration of Tuesday's dinner, the leading feature of which is, I am bound to acknowledge, the very abomination of desolation to the children. This leading feature is a hand of pork served with pease-pudding, and is so popular in the kitchen that I am beginning to doubt the pure and perfect economy of having it. However, balancing the children's hate against the servants' love, I have come to the conclusion that it is one of those open questions which may profitably be left open. At any rate, with the aid of soup, a shilling's worth of fish served up in Dutch sauce, or made into rissoles, and an omelette or pudding, this hand of pork dines my whole household for two days.

On Thursday the leg of mutton is called into requisition and roasted, and on Friday we all dine on whatever fish may be in season, and at the same time plentiful and cheap. Our fish-market is so admirably supplied now that I cannot imagine any one living in the metropolis or either of its suburbs having any difficulty in procuring fresh and inexpensive fish on every day of the week save Monday. My fishmonger's bill rarely exceeds three shillings a week, but perhaps this small expenditure may be accounted for by the fact that I have fish only once a week for the early or household dinner.

On Saturday we find ourselves beef-hungry again as the children, and so with slight variations, interludes of lamb, and poultry, and game, we go on all the year round. And by means of observing this routine system I keep the butcher's, grocer's, greengrocer's, and milk and butter bills down to an average of two pounds a week for a household of eight, even though I am liable to incidental guests at my table three or four times a week.

Naturally if we had the rich gravy and clear soups, instead of the thick and savoury vegetable ones which we all prefer, daily, my butcher's bill would be doubled. But I doubt if we should fare better or flourish more on the fare in the end. Perhaps, too, the secret of the butterman's bill being so low is that we are not bound in the trammels of the tradition of eggs-and-bacon for breakfast everlastingly. Bacon obtains no place in my household. Eggs baked, boiled, "scrambled," "buttered," made into omelettes, done in every conceivable way indeed, figure largely in our table of consumption. Three or four eggs skilfully managed go a long way, and afford a great deal of nourishment, as does milk; but I do *not* rely solely upon that which I buy at fivepence a quart! On the contrary, I have all my sweet puddings and custards made with Swiss milk, three tins of which at sevenpence a tin last us a week, with the addition of one pint daily of fresh milk. In the days when my groom had kidneys for breakfast we consumed four quarts of milk daily, and were never a pudding or a custard the better for it.

Back in the old days, too, my cob of fourteen hands high consumed oats at the rate of five feeds a day, and had chaff, bran, and trusses of hay and straw in proportion. Altogether her keep alone amounted to twenty-five shillings a week. Her successor, of the same size nearly, is kept in first-rate fettle at the rate of fifteen and

sixpence per week. And this is the way *she* lives now :—Three and a-half feeds of oats a day, one truss of hay, four bushels of chaff, half-a-bushel of bran, one truss of straw.

When I want extra work out of her I give her four feeds of oats a day, but this only brings the bill up to seventeen shillings a week. Any one living in or near London can have their horses foraged by contract—by far the better plan, especially for ladies who cannot look into the details of stable expenditure for themselves.

In my next article I hope to introduce some more very feasible and practical economies to the notice of that sorely-tried being the British housekeeper. But this month a tax has been levied on me which has beggared me indeed, and left me so poor in spirit that I cannot seek any longer for straws to complete my tale of trials.

Rorke's Drift.

THERE comes from South Africa another story of heroism and devotion to duty to be added to many enshrined in our national annals. We are once more told that Englishmen have not lost "the mettle of their pasture," and are, if need be, ready to meet "the four corners of the world in arms." There is an anecdote of an English bugler who had been taken prisoner by the French being ordered by his captors to give proofs of his skill on the instrument. He gave various "calls" with admirable spirit, and was then told to sound a "retreat." "I cannot," he answered, with an unaffected flush of pride; "I have never had to do it." A foreign warrior of the old theoretical, technical, manœuvring school almost found fault with the British troops because they never would know when they were beaten. That is a fine ignorance, although, perhaps, very unscientific; but it is a characteristic of our obstinate British blood. The few Guardsmen who at Inkermann stood back to back on the hill, and, when their ammunition was exhausted, kept back the host of Russians who surrounded them by hurling stones at them, would not know they were beaten, although, if arithmetic can prove anything, it would seem that twenty to one are overwhelming odds. And they were not beaten, for help came at last. Winds and waves and a sinking ship could not beat the soldiers of the Birkenhead; their bodies were indeed killed, but their heroism, their moral life, is alive now, and will live while the human race lives. The defence of Rorke's Drift adds another chapter to our history of brave deeds and devotion to duty.

The time may come—all rational people hope it will come soon—when battles will be a matter of history only, and military ambition, the lust of conquest, with all its attendant crimes, will be appreciated at its true value; but the time will not come when the bravery and devotion of those who do not originate war, but whose duty it is to obey at all hazard, will be depreciated. We may regret the field on which these great qualities are shown, but the qualities themselves are none the less admirable. To apply a Scriptural phrase, "These things are an allegory." Of the many millions who, sitting at home, read the narratives of the South African warfare, very few indeed will be called on to fire a shot or draw a sword against Zulu or any other enemy; but that man or woman is in exceptional circumstances who is not at some period of life called on "to take up arms against a sea of troubles," and well for them if it can be added, "and by opposing end them." There is a considerable amount of outpost duty in this wide world. Many of us are detached from or in but imperfect communication with strongly-fortified positions and abundant stores. Our ammunition is scanty—we are not wealthy; our force is weak—there are but a few in our family or in our circle of friends, and there may be sickness in our ranks; supplies are scarce—for it is a hard struggle to live; but if we are true, if we indeed share the blood of Rorke's Drift and other heroes, we will beat circumstances, and circumstances will not beat us, "for, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim." Again we have quoted Shakspeare; for never do we hear of brave devotion but there arises in our minds the drama *Henry the Fifth*, that heroic testament to all time, that unparalleled exemplification of the indomitable, hopeless courage that "does not know when it is beaten," that has made England the greatest among nations.

In our externally quiet homes, with our peaceful routine of daily labour, food, and rest, in our enjoyment of such pleasures as ample means, if we possess them, can give, or, if not, as are afforded by love, friendship, family ties, and intellectual and tasteful pursuits, we fear no attacks from Zulus or other

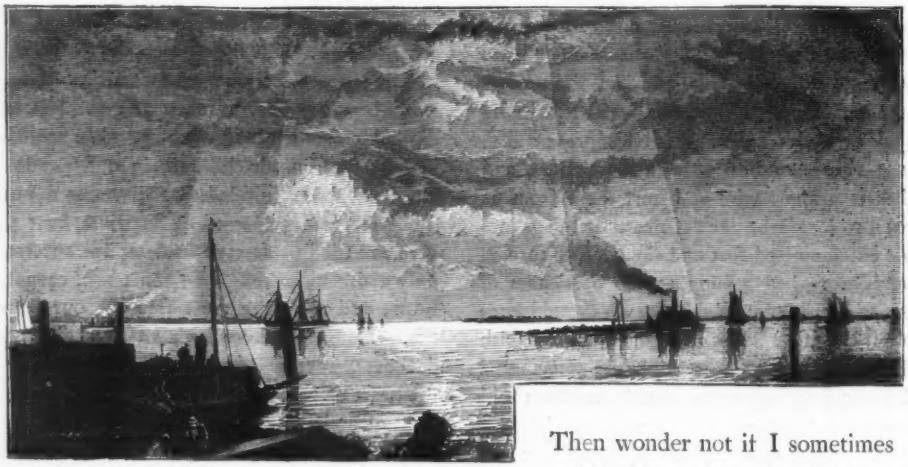
savages; and the "silver streak of sea" keeps more civilised warriors at a respectful distance, even if continental ambition should be wistfully directed towards our rock-bound shores. But wild waves of trouble are frequently surging up against us, and not the wildest Kaffir is more murderous (if more rapid with the deadly blow) than the cares and anxieties of this present life, if we do not throw up barricades against them, and with stout hearts grapple with and hurl them from us as they attempt to leap over our defences. If the gallant eighty in that extemporised fort had shrunk into corners when the savages rushed yelling at the barricades of biscuit-boxes and other slight defences, who would have been left to tell the tale? Not living men, flushed with combat and victorious over a host, but heaps of mangled bodies, and the story of massacre would have been told by the "poor, poor dumb mouths" of gashes and deadly stabs. But the defenders of the extemporised fort met the assailants, seized them and struggled with them, repulsed them again and again, and, after long hours of contest, during which they might have felt hopeless if they had time or faint-heartedness enough even to think about hope, there were heaps of dead assailants on the ground, and in the distance flying swarms of dark warriors, beaten, thoroughly beaten, by the resolute, undaunted pluck of a few young Englishmen. Troubles must be great indeed if they cannot be met half-way, as these savages were when they were breaking in, and if hearts strong in the faith that duty is the motive power cannot drive them to the distant hills.

It may be, indeed, that we may be surrounded as completely as those brave men of the 24th were, and that there are impassible limits to successful resistance. Then we must succumb, but not abjectly—we can endure, and die. Some time or other the end of life must come to all, and if it comes in contest, happy may we think ourselves if the record of our life and the story of our death supply examples of devotion and endurance for right's sake to those of our lineage who bring youth and activity to meet, and, strengthened with our strength, to conquer troubles.

How often in the weariness of the day, how often in the stillness of the night, does it seem to us that the world is dark and dreary, that we are on the outposts of life, in lonely drifts by turbid rivers, exposed to assaults and with little strength to resist! Others have the riches, honours, and comforts of life; our lot is to bear assaults, to encounter ruthless enemies, to die unhonoured, even unknown. We are disappointed in ourselves, in our children, in our friends; promises have not been fulfilled, we have been pushed aside while others have passed on in triumphant procession; we have tried to deserve success, but success has been only a dream to us. We must not, cannot, quit our posts, and there we must fret out our little term of life. Courage! there is dawn after night, light after darkness, success after disappointment. If we share the heart of the men of Rorke's Drift, the blackest and most gigantic of the foes that trouble us will soon be dead at our feet, or flying terror-stricken to the distant hills. Not only, too, enemies from without, but those foes to our happiness which arise within ourselves. To hold fast to the right, to be resolved, come victory or come death, is half-way and more to conquest.

It was at first thought that the colours of the 24th were lost. To soldiers the colours are almost sacred symbols, and the loss of them is felt as a loss of honour. They were not lost, for the officers who carried them cut their way through the fierce, savage warriors, receiving many wounds, rode almost fainting over many miles of wild country, crossed a river, and sank and died on the British side. The colours were saved, and in a military sense the lads who bore them saved the honour of their regiments. This may be a romantic feeling—probably it is; but in the presence of such devotion and heroism human nature finds it hard to be cold and prosaic. The colours we carry in social and family life are truth, charity, largeness of heart, purity, courage to do right; and we may have to fight desperately against fierce opponents to preserve them from disgraceful stain or surrender, may have to struggle, even wounded to the death, but, God helping us, we will carry them safely across the broad river, and they will remain as memorials that we did our duty in the Rorke's Drift of our common life.

G. R. E.



SAILED AWAY!

FORGIVE me if my song to-night
Should have a sad refrain,
My thoughts are far away to-night,
My heart is full of pain.

I see the drifting tide go by
That bears you from my sight,
And see from far through lifting mists
Your bark sail on in light.

And it were sure a strange, strange thing,
That I should not be glad
At joy of yours, and yet, O love,
My heart to-night is sad.

I see the drifting tide go by,
The dark and ceaseless tide,
Nor know if ever more again
Our boats sail side by side.

Then wonder not if I sometimes
Should see through blinding tears
The visions of our cherished schemes,
Our hopes for future years.

But send sweet messages to me,
Send loving words and true,
That I may yet be glad of heart
In thought of joy for you.

Godwyn's Ordeal.

BY MRS. J. KENT SPENDER.

CHAPTER IX.

"I HAVE a good mind to wash my hands of the case. The poor woman herself may have gone through enough to drive her mad, but her friends were equally out of their minds to let her undertake that imprudent drive," scolded the physician, who had been summoned from Knaresbury by Godwyn's frightened attendants, who tried in vain to appease his wrath by letting him understand that their only hope of calming Mrs. Bardsley's excitement had been in yielding to her constantly-repeated entreaties to take her at any risk back to Dornton.

Dr. West had a great reputation in that part of the country. People who did not understand him contented themselves by saying vaguely that he was "a character." He was tall and thin, with something of the agility of youth, and a plain face, the irregular lines of which were redeemed by the splendid development of the forehead, and if his manners were somewhat imperious his heart was warm. He cherished few illusions, and had become conversant during a long practice with the evil side of human nature. But, as he said of himself, he loved humanity for its very weaknesses, and philanthropy founded on such a basis was not likely to be shaken. He was generous and sympathetic if somewhat sharp-spoken, and he had sometimes been successful in cases in which his brother-physicians had failed, simply because in treating the ailments of the body he had not disdained the sickness of the spirit. If he was not more learned he had sometimes more intuition, and prided himself on being able to divine a secret trouble when a patient was trying to hide it from him. His prejudices inclined him to take the part of the oppressed, and the most vehement advocates of "Women's Rights" could not have told more painful tales than he could of the bodily suffering caused by mental grief to delicate and disappointed women. "Another specimen of the delightful conduct of our selfish sex," he had muttered to himself, as he repeated the order which had already been given: "Keep the husband away at all risks; the mere sight of him at the present crisis might be fatal."

He had heard but a garbled statement of the tale. But he was unconsciously steeled against the husband by the sight of Godwyn now, when all was burning confusion in her troubled brain, and when it seemed to need more than human skill to calm the poor palpitating heart, which was beating like that of a wounded bird, as it struggled to stretch its weak wings and flutter away somewhere unnoticed to die.

"It seems to be almost cruel to keep the poor thing alive," he had said between his teeth when he came day after day and the agonies of that delirium still continued. But not the less heartily did he rejoice when Mrs. Bardsley awoke to a dim consciousness of her state and he was able to whisper to the anxious attendants, who had been ministering pityingly to her day and night, that there might be a hope of her recovery even yet.

Still they kept her in darkness, and brought no tidings of what was passing in the outer world. Even when the brain was comparatively calm again, and the eyes had lost their restless gaze, the doctor's orders were imperative, and no one anticipated the question which Godwyn feared to ask. No one in the sick-room said a word of the great consternation which had come upon the household at the absence of the master, or of the strange circumstances of his subsequent return. The servants who waited upon their mistress had their hearts full of one subject, but the physician had gravely impressed upon them the absolute need of avoiding all topics of conversation which might lead to a return of the excitement.

They were very careful not to let her know that when her eyes had been wandering, oblivious of material objects, and when the fever had been so wild in her veins that the familiar faces were blotted out and the familiar voices conveyed no meaning to her ears, she had been living again in the happy bygone years. Always in these delirious wanderings she had called on one name; always she had recurred to the scenes of her childhood, and was wandering with Humphrey on the golden sands by the sea shore, or standing with him on the cliffs by the picturesque cottages. But as soon as the first gleam of intelligence and half-roused attention came again into her face, she too was on her guard lest she should compromise her husband's dignity, and she never mentioned his name.

"My boy!" she said, after a little interval, during which she had put a stress upon herself not to ask the questions which she was yearning to ask—"give me my little boy."

But it was noticed that she never spoke of Hum-

phrey. Her unexpected reticence on this subject, with the unnatural efforts which she made to resume the duties of her everyday life as soon as her physical health seemed to be a little restored, created a barrier of chilling reserve between herself and the friends who were ready to help her, which was perplexing to those who had not the key of this inexplicable apathy. She had her children constantly with her, and gave directions even in matters connected with the paper-mills with the air of one accustomed to be obeyed and living amongst her own people in dignified reserve. But in her face was an absent expression, slightly resembling that of a sleepwalker, which became a subject of positive apprehension to her medical attendants, who began to fear lest the power of feeling might in her case have become deadened from its very excess.

They could not guess that, whilst she was confiding in no one, she was simply endeavouring to follow her husband's directions to the letter, and that whilst they were watching her manner narrowly to see if they could detect any warmth of emotion in it, she was actually enduring such keen and constant anguish during that husband's compulsory absence that the burden of living would have been almost intolerable to her had not one ray of hope descended into her aching heart. That hope which alone enabled her to keep up through the long sleepless nights when she could now indulge her sorrow with no one to witness it, asking herself the question which so many a sick and ailing one had asked before her—would the morning never come?—was connected even in her present weak mental state with Humphrey.

There had been a long interval of partial and merciful oblivion during that last dangerous illness before she awoke to a distinct perception of her own existence, with a dull sensation of being subject to much keen suffering, and of hearing muffled voices and seeing figures and faces about her, but with neither memory nor foresight, when an accident occurred which had roused—still as if in a dim and indistinct way—the old association of ideas. It was owing, after all, to Humphrey's persistency. For sometimes during the night when she had seemed to be unconscious of all around her, and when the curtains of her bed had been drawn by her watchful attendants he had insisted on forcing himself to the door of her room, under pretence of helping the nurses, and had stood without, a fire of impatience and restlessness raging in his heart. Then he listened to his wife's laboured breathing, and pictured her as she lay with her sweet lips parched and parted, and the upper and lower lashes wedded over the hazel eyes which might never brighten again at his approach, but which once he had been wont to liken to the soft dark eyes of the roe. Through all the days when he had known her it had never seemed as if she had been so much all and all to him as she was then. And when more than once her breath came quicker with a murmured cry of pain, it was not the restraints and conventionalities of our matter-of-fact nineteenth century which kept him from falling on his knees by the bedside and kissing the pale thin hand with the cry of "Oh, Godwyn, my beloved!" it was only the cruel remembrance of the medical man's warning that if he were to look in upon her he might cause her death.

As it was he had to stand without, and not to let his great anxiety overcome him; he had to conquer the passionate impulse which made him feel as if—were it not for the presence of bystanders—he could beat his head in blind anguish against the panels of the door. He could do nothing but question the nurses from time to time, "Is she better?"

And though that question was very carefully uttered, once at least it had seemed to startle Godwyn from the realms of sleep.

"Who was that?" she asked one of her nurses with weak and whispered words but with an anxious and eager face, trying with some difficulty and a distressing sense of incapacity to piece together the broken fragments of her ideas. "I thought that somebody spoke, but I suppose it was only a dream."

She turned again on her pillow, when the nurse was afraid to answer. But the chord of memory had been touched in the right place.

"I have had a beautiful dream," she said to the physician with a faint smile the next morning. "My dream has made me feel—oh, so much better!"

And long did that dream stay to cheer her in the darkened room, making her feel—she scarcely knew how or why—as if her sentence were not yet told, and as if some good must yet come to all her anxious yearning.

"It was only a dream," she would say to herself when, still cramped with pain, and listening to the tedious striking of the clocks during the dull hours of the long sleepless nights, she turned her feverish aching head. "It was but a dream, but I dreamt that he loved me still, and that he said he was coming back."

And the dream seemed to keep her up with a conciousness of returning strength.

Dr. West was baffled in his divination, and was as slow in guessing her secret as the village doctor had been before him.

It is one thing to attempt to fathom the inmost mysteries of the soul, which no divination can measure,

to calm oneself to make the passions and feelings of our fellow-creatures a study as they react upon the wonderful mechanism of the body, and another to succeed in this occult science. The doctor could only do his best.

"Leave her alone—at least for the present, till her mind has recovered a little of its former tone—she is better as she is," he had repeated to the anxious and conscience-stricken man who had been hovering about with such wild eyes and haggard face when that battle between life and death went on in the darkened room.

Humphrey had no more thought of leaving England or even the neighbourhood of Dornton, having long ago recognised the impossibility of living without Godwyn. He had meant to be very firm, leaving her to herself for a time when he wrote her the letter which had caused her dangerous relapse, but now that he looked back upon it his firmness already bore an uncomfortable likeness to obstinacy.

He kept away now only in obedience to the dictates of prudence, as he was told to do. But one face was continually haunting him in his solitary lodgings—one voice, first in a mere whisper and then in a fuller sound, seemed to be borne to him on the breezes. He hungered to hear it when he was told that the ravings of delirium were over, and that the indescribable gentleness had again crept into that voice which used to be so sweet and low—"an excellent thing in woman."

He could scarcely control his anger when the dictum which he thought so hard was repeated to him, "You may only retard her progress if you attempt to see her too soon."

It seemed like having to be content with the veriest husks instead of his natural bread to have to listen in pretended patience whilst Keziah described to him how the heart-broken look had passed away from Godwyn's face as she murmured inarticulate rejoicings over the child in which her eyes had already traced (unknown to them) some remote likeness which no one else could have noticed to its absent father.

"What can the child be to her in comparison with me? Is it possible that she does not forgive? she was never unforgiving," his heart had cried in sharp jealousy as the faithful woman, who had taken for a time the place of nurse, went on to describe how Mrs. Bardsley could talk at last calmly, and even gently and steadily, on most indifferent subjects, but that whether she remembered—whether she understood all that had happened to her before her illness—were questions which the doctors asked each other beneath their breath.

There were days when Humphrey's enforced absence seemed a trial harder to him than he could bear.

"Did she know how sorely stricken was his own heart?" he would ask himself. "Could she not guess, by an instinctive sympathy, how near he was to her, and what a passionate yearning he had to see her?" He had tried to imagine how her illness might have altered her, and could not conjure up any vision of what might have been effected by the change. The doctors might be right, but the longing to see her became intolerable.

He never even thought of the other strange creature into whose wiles he had fallen, as he told himself, "like a greenhorn," because she had so bewildered and puzzled him; all his dreams, sleeping and waking, were of his sensitive, thoughtful, and gentle-eyed wife, who walked so gracefully and smiled so sweetly—the gracious and noble companion of his life.

What right had he had to such companionship, he who had proved himself to be so weak, so undignified, in his own life?

He could remember now, when it seemed to be too late, how trustful and confiding she had formerly been; and latterly, when she was so sorely tried, her grave, gentle, and forbearing air. He could remember the nutbrown hair, the fingers beautifully modelled, and even the gentle attraction of her graceful carriage in the plain close-fitting dress which she had chosen to wear since there had been an increasing drain for household expenses on their slender purse, and how the plain dress had seemed to suit the shapely curves of her figure. Was it possible that he ever could have undervalued her, and that he could have left so much wearying work, so much thought about ways and means, to fall so heavily upon her?

He instinctively *knew* that the doctors were wrong, and yet he could not act in direct defiance to their expressed opinion. If he could *only see her and speak to her* he felt sure the misunderstanding could easily be set right. He grew sick at heart as he was tortured by the all-consuming wish.

One day he tried to write to her, but he tore the letter up and feared to send it.

"Wait till she mentions the subject; wait till she asks for you or for letters from you," they said. "The memory, which seems to have been weakened, will come back, but you must give it time—these things have happened before when there has been a great mental shock."

And so he *did* try to wait, with all the gladness gone out of his face, and growing sick at heart as he was tortured by the all-consuming wish.

"Would not anything be better than for me to

be kept uselessly fretting at home? I am hungering to see her! My life is so lonely without her. If she is really happier without me I shall put the seas between us and bid adieu to my past existence," he had written passionately to Newland when the torture became greater than he could bear.

"How much more terrible it would have been for you if that unfortunate occurrence had killed her!" wrote Charlie a little more sternly as this querulous impatience increased. "You would have been more lonely then. I have heard from Dr. West, and I can tell you he has feared, and fears still, if there should be any sudden excitement, *for her reason*. There is nothing for you but patience, and as to your '*past* existence,' you are talking like a madman. Your lives are *not* past, your love is not past; I trust you have still to reap its richest harvest. We can few of us," continued the unselfish writer, "learn wisdom except by suffering; and I, who honour both you and your wife, believe that this experience may be for the best. I look forward to a time, not far distant, when your love for each other may rest on a deeper and richer basis, a new consecration, ripened by the rains—ay, and the very storms of life."

The letter had cost its writer a final effort at self-denial, for it was true, as Humphrey had surmised, that Charlie Newland had returned from India with the hope of making Godwyn Payton his wife, and true also that his disappointment had doomed him to perpetual solitude. For Godwyn's extraordinary likeness to the photograph of her mother, which the young man, with strange constancy to the ideal of his boyhood, had carried in his pocket for years, till, like the picture in Adelaide Procter's poem—

> "It had dwelt with him and listened
> To the secrets of his heart,"

had so still further endeared her to him, that—after dreaming through the long interval of all the happiness he meant to shower upon the little desolate, lonely child—he could never bring himself to seek another wife. The reality had faded back into the dream at last, and the picture had been locked up amongst other relics in a drawer.

But if the letter had proved a little difficult to write, it had more than accomplished its purpose in bringing the moisture to the eyes of the man who read it, and making him feel as if he comprehended for the first time the meaning of the mystery of pain, and how the God-Man had come into the world to teach His followers that a path to bliss might be won, not only through suffering but through humiliation.

"And he who ought to have hated me for winning her according to all human reckoning, and making her so wretched, can write like *this*," he muttered to himself as he set out for his evening walk. The night was dark, but Humphrey was not aware of its darkness as he dashed away with a feeling of shame the salt drops which were so strange and unfamiliar to his eyes, but which were blinding him to the aspect of the moonless sky.

Hitherto he had been hot-tempered as well as proud in his trouble, and as he had paced up and down, in and out of the lonely woods, or the more deserted cliff walks, where no one could point at him, he had been ready to curse the day when he had first seen Olive Neale, and fallen, as she supposed, a victim to her charms, and in that state of bitter feeling his faith in womanhood had been crushed and annihilated, as if the most sacred things must be sacrificed to false and heartless coquetry. His wife alone had remained an exception to him, but the recollection of her sweet, shy confessions of her innocent love, now that he feared he might never hear them from her lips again, and that his heart was sore at her doubt of him, only added fuel to the hidden flame which seemed to be consuming him and well-nigh driving him mad.

But by degrees it was as if a weight had dropped from his neck, like the albatross that fell like lead into the depths of the sea and freed the wearied neck of the Ancient Mariner. The desperation had gone out of his heart, and at the "selfsame moment he could pray." His soul had been dwelling in darkness. His trouble had been of that kind that he could not say of it, "It is God's will, and therefore it is bearable." Hitherto he felt as if—had there been anything possible for him to do—he could have gripped with his misfortune till it lay impotent at his feet. He had recognised the breathless abstraction which men call "right," but only as if he could shake his chained hands at Heaven and rave against relentless Fate. A new and mysterious light seemed now to be breaking in upon him. It was one of those crises in the history of the soul which no psychologist if he is wise will treat with flippancy. The deep awe which overwhelmed him—the new "way of looking at things" which made him understand for the first time in his life, through the mist of ages, how it was possible for The Christ to die if by His death He might procure for man the power of imitating His spotless life, made the solemn sounds and sights of the autumn evening affect him as they had never affected him before. He wandered out on the cliff, listening to the thunderous tide which was booming on the sharp-ledged rocks, and the long lines of black seaweed, which were being

lifted and washed away as the waves advanced, till the stars were peeping out near the horizon.

What his thoughts were no man knew, but his face, which had already lost its vacillating pleasure-loving expression, became somewhat less mournful as he determined to do his duty and trust results. After that he complained no more. He knew that he had to "dree his weird," even in the averted looks of his own men and the cruel misconstruction of more educated people. But these things were all of minor importance. He felt sure that they would dwindle into complete insignificance if once he could feast his eyes on the wife who was now valued as she had never been valued before.

The World's Doings.

BEFORE these pages reach the eyes of our readers one of the chief topics of the month will have begun to fade away, as all things, however momentous they may be in the present, do and will fade away. Our Queen's third son, Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, and his bride, the Princess Louise Margaret (or, as she is sometimes called, Luise Margarethe), will be away upon their wedding tour, and all the late grand doings at Windsor Castle over and past. The Princess who has changed her nationality for that of a British and popular Prince will come to her new home literally overwhelmed with costly presents, heart-offerings, many of them from her aged grand-uncle's patriotic people. We may mention one, it is such an exceedingly graceful and appropriate souvenir, and comes from the "Prussian Society of Matrons and Maidens." It consists of a large basket in gold bronze, lined with the richest purple velvet, and supported by three golden claws upon a massive metal frame. Three medallions embellish the outside of this magnificent basket; the centre one has embroidered in flat stitch the Royal recipient's initials, &c., in myrtle blossom, and all in daisies, surmounted by a coronet embroidered in gold and pearls; the other two medallions show some excellent handwork with the needle in the shape of bunches of daisies. The cover is a splendidly-polished mirror, the inside surface having framed portraits of all the members of the Princess's family. These portraits are enriched with garlands—the three centre roses holding those of the Prince and Princess Frederic Charles, and their son, Prince Leopold. The embroideries have all been executed by the members of the association since the announcement of the Princess's betrothal to the Duke of Connaught, and are masterpieces of needlework.

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The Dublin present to the Duchess of Connaught is a fan of Irish materials and manufacture, the frame being of bog-oak, covered with splendid Limerick lace, showing the blended arms of the Royal couple; the handles are mounted in gold with inlaid silver shamrocks. It is to be hoped the Princess Louise Margaret will like Ould Ireland; there would be many a rough wrinkle smoothed down were the green isle to get a little more of our Royal Family's attention.

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There is undoubtedly "a sphere" for lady practitioners in medicine, and the Medical Bill introduced lately in the House of Lords will meet, of course, with much pro and con. discussion. Still it is quite time something was settled in regard to this vexed question, and this bill provides a great many answers for the "con." party. Nobody will be allowed to practise except under a still more rigid code of competency than even at present, and thus mere would-be amateurs in the art will be totally excluded. In this measure it is promised that we shall be told definitely whether or not we are to have lady doctors, and should it pass it will finally dispose of a now quite momentous question. Why should men so vehemently oppose the introduction of women into a profession that, whilst for years untold they have held as their own, they can give no sensible reason why it should be thus exclusively devoted to their efforts? Women doctors will in no wise interfere with their brother leeches. Are their gentlemen opponents actuated by a noble, disinterested regard for the public weal, or are they simply obstinate, and, it may be, afraid of them? A few courageous ladies have come, and seen, and conquered in the way of learning the powerful art of healing, or at least helping to heal, their fellow-creatures in distress, but many who feel that they could and would be of a like service to others shrink from the "strong-minded" stigma attaching to such excelsioric ideas. There is no need for the lady doctor to take other habiliments than those she can legitimately claim as belonging to

her sex; nor do they wish this. If so, surely our nurses would not be wrong in taking to coats and trousers also. But this is outside the question altogether, although I fancy that much of the prejudice that has been felt by women towards women in this matter is due to some such undercurrents as this. Every one is now pretty well accustomed to the notion that we shall have properly-authorised medical women among us soon, and a good-many so-called barriers in the way of opposition have been successfully overthrown. Women are eminently fitted as doctors for children. Not one doctor in four really studies children, and is, to all intents and purposes, "a regular "children's medical man." Women, as a natural conclusion, understand the little men and women of the world better than men. After all, it is the mother who is times out of number her offspring's real doctor, although the "other" doctor gets the credit of a successful case. Obtaining a certificate of an Examining Board a lady will be granted a place on the Medical Register, according to the new bill, whether or not her college refuses to grant her a diploma.

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Prince Louis Napoleon has, as everybody knows, gone "to the wars." Some say it is out of a mere bravado of bravery, and to get for himself a little bubble reputation, whilst others take a more charitable view of the matter, and laud him to the skies. Why cannot people let his Imperial Highness alone? He has gone to fight for dear old England if needs be, and he has left his Royal mother—and she a widow—and—for he comes of a warlike stock—there is little fear but that he will, when the time comes, do what England at least expects every man to do—his duty.

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It is now almost a settled matter that the British Museum Reading Room will in future be lighted by means of the electric light. A recent trial of this splendid, though cold-looking, light proved eminently satisfactory in the immense apartment.

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Every one taking a delight in "real" acting will learn with regret the death of two great favourites of the English stage—Mr. John Parry and Mr. John Clarke. The former gentleman was an accomplished singer, pianist, and humorist, but had retired from the duties he delighted in through illness. Mr. John Clarke's disease was rapid consumption, and he survived his accomplished wife, *née* Furtado, by a few years only.

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The Empress of Austria, a famous huntress and a great favourite with the Irish, is in Ireland on a hunting visit. She will remain a month, and return to Vienna to keep her silver wedding-day, which falls on the twenty-fourth of April.

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Europeans have been much alarmed by the fast-coming accounts of the fatal plague epidemic that has been raging so terribly for months in Astrachan and Southern Russia, and there has recently been held a special meeting of the Epidemiological Society respecting the nature of the special features of the contagion belonging to the disease, statements concerning the statistics of the rate of mortality having been found to be much exaggerated. It appears that the great danger lies in being constantly in the house with a person stricken with the plague, and that merely being there now and then incurs but a minimum amount of danger from personal contact. As regards disinfection, there is no dangerless method of treating clothing, &c.; these it is imperative must be burnt at once. It was also found that a thorough whitewashing of the walls of infected houses, and much exposure to the air, renders them fit for re-occupation. Mr. Netten Radcliffe, an eminent authority on such points, spoke encouragingly and confidently of the ability of our sanitary directors to "settle" any cases of plague which might perchance visit English shores. He says they will be "pathological curiosities," and so will be greeted cheerfully as subjects by the profession. With all due respect to the "profession," the plague may as well keep its own side of the way.

THE GLEANER.

GERMAN SONG.

THOU say'st my songs are poisoned;
How otherwise could it be?
Hast thou not mingled the poison
In my blooming life for me?

Thou say'st my songs are poisoned;
How otherwise might it be?
I carry snakes in my bosom;
I carry, beloved one, thee!

All About Everything.

To clean Black Lace.—A black lace shawl or mantle, or any other lace if black, may be easily and effectually cleaned thus:—With a soft handkerchief of silk or linen carefully take the dust from the lace, or it may be shaken gently. Brushing must not be resorted to, or it will render the lace rough-looking. Then pin it out on a board or table, putting pins into the points of the lace. Wash all over with a soft sponge with table-beer, and when quite dry remove the pins, when it will look almost new.

A Preservative against Moths.—Soak a piece of paper or rag in some spirits of turpentine, and place it for a day in your drawers. Two or three times a year will be quite sufficient. More than this would cause the drawers and their contents to smell unpleasantly.

How to Lighten Life.—Take from business and worldly cares time for thoughts of other things, time for recreation and relief, time for acts looking to the future and a better life, or the hour is certain to arrive, sooner or later, when a crisis will confront us, compelling us to do all those things which we so much neglect in the routine of business or professional life. Better is it, then, to make rest, recreation, reflection, thoughts of a future and a better, purer, and holier state of existence a part of our daily experience, combining business with charity, industry with kindness, perseverance with fortitude, experience with religion, a commingling of qualities and hopes that lighten life as we go through the world, and add to the pleasures of the present with a view to the hereafter.

Making the Deaf Hear.—Many persons are afflicted with partial deafness. This may be remedied partially by occasionally dropping a little warm glycerine in the ears. Syringing them also with warm soap and water will give great relief, always taking care that the soap be pure.

How to Make Lentil Soup.—Soak three-quarters of a pint of Egyptian lentils for twenty-four hours before using; place them in a saucepan with a gallon of water; keep gently boiling for eight or ten hours, till the lentils have become pulpy; add a little water as the liquor evaporates to keep the quantity up to the gallon measure; an hour or two before serving add half a stick of celery and some salt to taste. For nourishment this soup can hardly be surpassed, but its appearance is against it. It looks like a species of edible mud.

What is Lime Water?—Lime water is a solution of sixteen grains of pure slaked lime in twenty ounces of distilled water. Care should be exercised in the selection of the lime to have it free from alkaline and earthy impurities.

Medical Uses of the Telephone.—There have already been recorded various experiments and suggestions with reference to the medical uses of the telephone. It has been in use in the house of a medical man lately to enable a member of the family suffering from an infectious exanthem to communicate with her family and friends, and this application we would recommend as very practical to the managers of fever hospitals and asylums. In *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* we read that its utility in the class demonstration of auscultative signs of disorder of the chest is being studied with good promise of success.

Our Clothes and our Bodies.—With regard to the use of clothes many erroneous opinions are entertained, and by many otherwise fairly-educated persons the mode by which clothes act in protecting us from cold is little if at all understood. A very common idea is that they keep us warm by keeping air from our bodies, whereas the fact is that just those materials which are most permeable to air keep us warmest. Their action is simple enough, and consists in rendering the air still around us, and in regulating its temperature by the heat which leaves our bodies. Extreme degrees of cold can, it is well known, be better borne when the air is still than when with the same degree of cold the air is in motion. Every one knows how much warmer woollen gloves are, even when loosely knitted, than the tight-fitting kid; yet, if the prevention of air from reaching the surface of the body were the source of warmth, kid should be warmer than woollen gloves. Our clothes should be worn loose, so as to allow a stratum of warm air between them and our bodies; they should be of not too close a texture, for it is found that cotton wool loses its power of protecting us from cold by being compressed. They should also be light to permit of active exercise in the open air without producing exhaustion to their weight.

Ham Pie.—Pick the ham into small fine pieces, boil a cup of rice, beat up two eggs, and stir it with the ham and rice, season with pepper, salt, and onions; put it into a deep pan, and bake in a moderate oven.

Keeping Well by Eating Fruit.—Sound, ripe fruit is "good" for us all to eat now and then. Many people fancy that a great many of our popular summer ailments are brought about by eating fruit. This is true when unripe or unsound fruits are consumed, or when an undue quantity is taken, or an improper time is chosen to eat it in. An eminent doctor has said that if his patients would make a rule of eating a couple of good sound oranges before breakfast from February till June his practice would be gone. Our systems need the pure fruit acids, and derive no end of benefit from their action medicinally, and their influence, which is cooling and corrective both.

A Use for Lime Water.—Many people cannot take milk without lime-water, and of those who require the addition of lime some require much more than others. Try at first two tablespoonfuls to half a pint of milk, and increase if necessary.

Sound Sleep for Children.—Let children go to bed early—the earlier the better. There is no worse folly that parents can commit, as far as concerns their children's health and general well-being, than to allow them to sit up till the "grown-ups" go to bed. Moreover, all children, young babies included, should go to sleep of their own accord, and wake up in the same manner. Nature is or should be their nurse. Excitable children should not be allowed to play noisy, exciting games just before retiring with the view of tiring them out. This has a directly opposite effect. When very sleepless, putting their hands in cold water, and sponging the head with cold water and vinegar, is a good remedy. This has been tried over and over again in the case of a sleepless infant with success.

To Print Ferns.—Soak writing-paper in salt and water (common salt), then dry it and float for two or three seconds on a weak solution of nitrate of silver. Dry again, and now the fern to be operated upon must be placed upon the paper and pressed firmly with a piece of glass. Expose this to the sun till the uncovered part of the paper is of a dark brown or black colour. Now take off the fern and immerse the paper until soaked through in a strong solution of hyposulphite of sodium for fifteen minutes; wash well, and soak in water for ten or twelve hours, often changing the water, and dry. A photograph of the fern will then be found in white on a dark ground.

The Science of Walking and Riding.—Walking is *the* proper exercise for the preservation of the health; it puts almost the whole of the muscles into active play. Persons unaccustomed to walk except when they are obliged to, or when they are attracted out of doors by some remarkable circumstance, can have no idea of the strength gained by the constitution by taking long, but not too long—that is, fatiguing—walks. Regularity in these walks has much to do with the benefit accruing from them. "Fashionable" walks—just a lounge up and down a fashionable street or promenade—are of not much service—in fact they only make one's muscles, like Oliver Twist, "want more." Many a clever doctor's almost sole advice and physic to a weak, languid patient, whose weakness and languor are caused utterly through non-exercise, although he or she would not dream of believing it, is "Go and take a good walk regularly every day." Persons unaccustomed to exercise should begin the practice easily, not making hard work of it. For instance, it would be the height of folly for a person hitherto an inveterate stay-at-home to go at a rate calculated to outstrip a professed pedestrian. He can do this if he likes afterwards when *able*; at present the ability has not been reached. Nobody should think of taking a long walk or violent exercise immediately *after* meals. To persons nervous and irritable this is more than hurtful. The lower animals all set us an example here: they naturally incline to rest themselves after meals. Give the food time to digest before taking "hard" exercise. Riding on horseback is recommended for valetudinarians. This is a delightful, exhilarating way of getting exercise, but it is not so good as walking to the system, and it also should be proceeded with gradually if a new acquirement. For invalids who can neither walk nor ride, much carriage exercise in the open country (not in crowded towns and thoroughfares) is really and truly the best medicine they can take, hurtful winds being guarded against.

Our Paris Letter of Fashions and Gossip.

AFTER a very dull winter we are having a very gay spring. Balls are now going on everywhere — at the Prince's, in Republican society, at the Ministry of War and of the Interior. Tired of such a long, wearisome winter, our *belle jeunesse* has at last cried out to Politics, "Leave us alone," exactly as in the new play at the Gymnase, and young legs hasten to make up for lost time.

In several circles of fashion there have been fancy balls in which every one wore the costume of some particular period. The *tout ensemble* of the assembly is very effective, but still not so picturesque as that offered by a variety of disguises; besides which, when the choice of costumes is unlimited it is much easier to find one becoming to one's own face and figure—a point by no means unimportant.

337.—Visiting Costume.

Flat Pattern of Tunic, 1s. 6d.—Madame A. Letellier, 40, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden.
(Post-Office Orders to be made payable at King-street, Covent Garden.)
Jacket Pattern given on Diagram Sheet.

We notice most anti-elegant tendency of fashion in the increasing taste for vulgar disguises; let us hasten to add, however, that it is with masculines that this unfortunate preference is most conspicuous. At the Countess de B——'s they all appeared as English grooms, old doorkeepers, street-sweepers, old ragmen, or blind beggars, seeing quite well. One of them had a prodigious success; so well was he dressed up as a fish-woman that his witty sallies alone caused him to be recognised.

In a very elegant and well-known house of the Quartier de la Madeleine a ball is being got up where every one is to come in costumes taken from the far-famed novel *l'Assommoir*, all the actors of which are taken from the very lowest class of the Parisian population. We doubt if the result will be a success.

There have been several children's balls for little ones from four to ten years old. Nothing is prettier to look upon than such fresh and sweet little faces, or happier than the little people so glad to be elaborately dressed and got up, and to dance and be "like mamma." Alas! does not all that come to them soon enough? And is it not better for babies to be babies and go to sleep early, instead of being dressed up like dolls and taught to act like puppets before they know what they are about?

In the diplomatic world dancing is also going on at a great rate. That which went by the name of Quartier de la Chaussée d'Antin now extends all along the Boulevard Haussmann, and comprises all the new streets thereabout. One of the most brilliant balls of the season was that given at the charming Mdme. R——'s. There was not one lady present but was both pretty and well dressed. This is is one of those rare houses where people of all *partis* meet with pleasure.

338.—Morning Jacket.
Flat Pattern, 1s.—Madame Letellier, 40, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.
(Post-Office Orders to be made payable at King-street, Covent Garden.

Few ladies wore the dress cut low all round, showing the shoulders; almost all had two sleeves on either side, one upon the upper part of the arm, the other put on as a shoulder-strap, and sometimes merely composed of a wreath of flowers; others had very close-fitting sleeves coming down just above the elbow, without any trimming besides a very flat ruche *à la vieille*, but these are becoming only when the elbow is perfectly round, soft, and white.

Coiffures are as varied as toilettes: Psyche bandeaux with small coquettish chignon, bandeaux plain or crimped, masses of crimped hair falling down the back, plaits, wavy fringes over the brow, with loops of hair on the top of the head, and a quantity of short frizzed curls at the sides and back, leaving the neck quite free; every style is admitted, and each lady may choose that which suits her best. Pearls, diamonds, flowers, or merely a single bow of ribbon—anything may be worn in the hair.

Never had we seen a Lent so gay—sermons in the morning and balls and concerts in the evening, such is the order of the day. There will just be a lull about Passion Week, then gaieties will begin again as soon as the great Easter festival is over.

And now it is time we should talk about *demi-saison* toilettes. The transition between winter and summer dresses is made this year with the help of pretty combinations of Indian cashmere and pretty striped Pekin silks. The milkmaid skirt of cashmere, looped up very high over a skirt of Pekin silk, trimmed round the bottom with fine flutings, and the casaquin jacket either entirely of Pekin or of cashmere, with waistcoat and facings of Pekin, such is the costume for early spring. It is worn of Carmelite brown, amethyst violet, topaz grey, or gendarme blue. To enliven the toilette the Pekin silk is striped of two shades of colour, such as bronze and silver-grey, mauve and amethyst violet, maroon and straw-colour, dark blue and faint coral pink. The latter mixture is lovely, but can only be worn in a carriage.

For spring dinner parties, the theatre, and informal *soirées*, a very dainty model has been introduced under the name of the *Greuze* casaquin. It is made of a fabric in the Louis XVI. style, recalling the pretty coloured stuffs of which poor Marie Antoinette was so fond. The patterns are very delicate and of the softest colours: a sprinkling of red, pink, or cream rosebuds over a pale blue ground; a profusion of Sèvres blue sprays over a cream ground; a shower of forget-me-nots and rosebuds of varied tints over an ivory-white ground. The casaquin has looped-up paniers trimmed with ribbon bows and lace quillings. It can be worn over any skirt, so that it is more or less matched to it in colour. It looks particularly stylish over a black velvet skirt. For the spring very pretty skirts are made to wear with this Greuze casaquin of taffetas, short and trimmed with flutings. Some are capucine-coloured, others are old Sèvres blue, steel, lavender, or myrtle green; and others, again, of glacé silk shot of two shades of colour. This coquettish *nouveauté* is sure to be one of the great favourites of the season.

This period, which forms the transition point between the sombre winter and the bright summer—this ever-varying, changeful, capricious spring—is the season of all others when the desolate cry "Nothing to wear" sounds throughout all the land.

Winter dresses and mantles look heavy and suffocating, faded and out of fashion, while one hardly knows as yet what new models to decide upon among the novelties introduced for spring wear.

It is at this time that the shawl becomes a useful adjunct of the female toilette. The soft Indian cashmere, such as it is manufactured now-a-days, is delightful as a carriage wrap or for throwing about one's shoulders to walk in the grounds in a country residence. It is frequently seen just now in the Bois and about the lake of a fine afternoon, when the sky is clear and sends out gleams of bright if not as yet very warm sunshine.

The new washing materials have now made their appearance, and present a very pleasing variety. The most novel are mummy cloth, coteline, satine and armure prints. Mummy cloth has a crape-like surface, and is mostly shown in bright, glowing colours; coteline is finely ribbed like rep; satine looks soft and glossy, like the silk fabric its name recalls; and the armure print is a very pretty texture in a variety of small raised patterns, over which floriated designs are printed in colours; roses of every variety, blue and pink bindweeds, pinks, violets, and so on, all in natural shades of colour.

French percales are shown in soft shades of cream, buff and pale sulphur, or tea rose-colour with running patterns of dog-violets, forget-me-nots, rosebuds and mignonette, daisies, and other flowers.

Cambrics have very similar patterns, with an occasional variety in the way of floral stripes alternating with plain ones. And one very new variety has reversible patterns, looking equally well on both sides of the material in design and colour, so that the dress may be turned and thus become doubly useful.

Some of the new cambrics have a pattern of large white dots over a dark ground of indigo blue, bronze, or myrtle green, seal-brown, ruby, or garnet, or else broken bars of white and old gold over similar grounds. To some of these are added white borders in lace patterns, which are meant for the trimmings of the dress. For children there are pretty *toiles d'Irlande*, with tiny dots, dashes, and other diminutive patterns in black or dark colours over a white or very pale buff ground. There are also for young people very pretty ginghams either in white and pink or white and blue, or in several shades of one colour with a dash of white and black.

As to the fashion of spring costumes, it does not strikingly differ from that of those of the late winter. Combinations of material are as frequent in cotton as in wool or silk materials. Plain linen or cambric are made up with fancy textures, such as mummy cloth, coteline, and armure prints or floriated percales. A short skirt trimmed with flounces or flutings, second skirt tied up behind in washerwoman style, and casaquin jacket either with or without a waistcoat, are the most usually pre-

ferred style for simple spring and summer dresses of washing materials.

The polonaise is very much gone out of fashion, though still occasionally with the addition of paniers; and the Princess dress is made only with a long train for *grande toilette*, with scarf draperies or very elaborate trimmings upon the skirt, otherwise it is quite the *robe de chambre*, trimmed down the middle with buttons or bows of ribbon and lace flutings.

But even the *robe de chambre* is not now made exclusively in the Princess style; it is considered more elegant to have it consist of a separate skirt and a *matinée* or long half-fitting jacket, trimmed with lace quillings and loops of ribbon. The *matinée* is not necessarily of the same material as the skirt; it is made of cashmere, foulard, or muslin-de-laine, and for the summer will be made of cambric or muslin over a silk skirt, and it is easy to make up a sufficiently elegant one out of some silk dress of a former season; it forms a very tasteful breakfast dress for a married lady, with the dainty little cap to match.

All walking costumes are made short, or at least just escaping the ground, this spring, and the double skirt is very generally adopted in combination with the casaquin or coat-tailed jacket. The waistcoat is not *de rigueur* with either of these, but it makes either look more elegant and stylish, especially when composed of a stylish material.

The prettiest of light woollen fabrics for the spring is grenadine, of which a great variety are shown this month. Besides plain grenadines, always useful and most durable, there are the Pekin grenadines, striped with satin, fancy plush, or open-work designs. In colours every variety of shades is obtainable, whether in light hues such as ciel blue, rose, sulphur, silver grey, cream, and ivory white, or in dark colours, such as indigo blue, myrtle green, garnet red, seal brown, amethyst purple, and black. There are also *damassé* and brocaded grenadines and canvas-mesh grenadines in very many different styles.

As a rule stripes are very fashionable this spring, both in fancy woollens and silks. Figured fabrics are also much in favour, and a new variety appears this season in blocks about an inch or an inch and a-half square, alternately plain and floriated, grenadine and satin, and any combination that appears in stripes is also to be had in this new pattern of blocks.

Gauzes are very lovely this spring both in black and colours; they are brocaded in lovely patterns of flowers the natural size, such as lilies, passion-flowers, carnations, or roses, with buds and foliage.

Foulard, the fabric always so popular with Parisian ladies, appears this season in very fresh and lovely tints and elegant patterns. They are twilled and generally of some soft shade for the grounding, such as tea-rose colour, pale buff, pearl grey, beige, ivory, and cream; and also in dark tints, such as indigo plum and Chinese blue, bronze, and myrtle green, seal and nut brown, and garnet red. The patterns are mostly floriated, while dots and small fancy designs also appear in black or darker colours over light grounds; and stripes in two colours, such as seal-brown and *ciel* blue, deep indigo and pale buff, nut brown and coral pink, and so on. Louisine is also a favourite silk for spring and summer wear, and looks exceedingly pretty in minute checks, in black, brown, or indigo blue, and white, or in a variety of colours in the Jardinière style.

But for useful summer dresses, suitable for the beach and country, that which seems most likely to be in favour is mousseline-de-laine, a solid-coloured, semi-diaphanous fabric, of a texture sufficiently durable for travelling and general use, while light enough to be pleasant to wear in the warmest weather, and so soft as to drape and fold in the most effective manner. The same tissue may be procured in plaid or checked patterns for the special purpose of trimming the self-coloured mousseline-de-laine, and making such accessories as waistcoat or plastron, collar, revers, facings, pockets, and so on, for the plain dress. Pekin and figured silks are also employed for the same purpose when the costume is meant to be more elegant.

For dull and damp days in summer, cashmeres are made of French or Indian cashmere, and of the finer qualities of beige tissues, and also of a more novel kind of semi-diaphanous material known by the name of *barège de luxe*, and which is now introduced in all fashionable shades of colour.

The new organdis have also made their appearance, looking most fresh and dainty, in delicate patterns and soft colours. Whether in striped or floriated patterns, they generally have along one selvedge, a border pattern to correspond in similar colours, and meant for trimmings. The grounds are in soft shades of tea, Chinese green, pearl-grey, *écru*, chamois, and cream. Both organdis and cambrics are also seen in self-colours, suggesting for the summer combinations of figured and plain materials, such as we have seen them during the last winter and spring in woollen and silk goods.

That paniers will be more and more generally worn this spring and summer there can be little doubt; but even these do not materially change the shape of the dress; they simply give some degree of fulness about the hips, while the skirt remains clinging to the lower part, still forming the tablier in front, and, for all

dressy toilettes, the train or semi-train at the back. The bodice also remains of a perfectly tight-fitting style, one pattern being a very close-fitting corsage coming down smoothly over the hips, and forming an obtuse point in front. The neck is cut square, and there is a plastron formed of closely-laid bias folds coming down to this point.

A variety in combinations of materials is to have the floriated or any kind of figured material for the body of the dress, while the self-coloured fabric is used for all trimmings and accessories. This is scarcely ever done, however, except in very dressy toilettes of brocaded or Pekin silks associated with self-coloured satin faille or grosgrains.

Bretonne lace and Russian lace—the latter embroidered in colours and generally associated with embroidery in crewels—will both be used to a great extent for trimming washing materials this summer.

339.—Home Dresses.
Flat Pattern of Fig. 1, 1s. 3d.; Fig. 2, 2s. 6d.
Madame Letellier, 40, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.
(Post-Office Orders to be made payable at King-street, Covent Garden.)

The new spring bonnets present a great variety of shapes, but the cottage bonnet, closely fitting at the sides of the head with protruding border and large flat square crown, modified, however, in no small degree to suit modern taste, seems likely to be the favourite model. The Directoire shape also appears in many of the new chapeaux, while the Renaissance and the Niniche are still maintained, and, though in the minority, hold their own among the models of the season. Bonnets of English crape either white or coloured are fashionable and very pretty. French and Italian chips, Leghorn straws, and Dunstable braids, with various fancy straws, are all made up in the different shapes above mentioned, and in more fanciful ones, which do not seem likely to obtain any considerable degree of favour. Very wide double-faced satin ribbons are used for strings and trimmings, also moiré ribbons and striped Pekin ribbons in satin and moiré or grosgrains; the plain faille ribbon, however, seems altogether *démodé*. Twillings of lace, combined with clusters of artificial flowers, are used as trimmings, and put on in the middle of the border, just

in front of the crown. At the back there is scarcely anything beyond a bow or ruche of ribbon, and the strings commence from each side of the trimming on the top. Occasionally a small cluster of ostrich tips or one long feather is introduced by way of variety in the trimming, but on the whole bonnets are both larger in shape and simpler in ornament than they were last summer.

Besides Bretonne lace, new fancy dentelles are claiming our attention, such as point rayeuse, Swiss lace, and Flemish guipures, or good thread imitations of the same.

The new aumônières are of soft-coloured silk, and very prettily trimmed with any style of white fancy lace.

Not only are short costumes worn, but even trained dresses are made very short in front. The consequence is, ladies are more careful than ever of their foot-gear. Stockings are all coloured, either in stripes or fancy patterns, and will be worn this summer, if not of silk, of very fine Lisle thread to match the dress in colour. The most elegant are of course of silk, and have very often clocks of Valenciennes lace and initials embroidered in silk. For ball toilettes the hose is of white or pale-coloured silk, according to the dress, or of open-work thread. The satin shoe has a flat bow of ribbon often combined with lace, and with a plain *straw* buckle.

The high-heeled shoe of black kid or shagreen, with flat bow of ribbon on the high instep, is a fashionable walking shoe, the semi-high boot being only worn for the country or for morning walks; for dining and visiting the shoe is more elegant and dressy. For the house kid slippers, black or coloured, or black satin Pompadour shoes, are considered the most tasteful.

Lace is much used to trim evening dresses, also those for *habillé* day wear. Chantilly has again made its appearance, after being out of favour so long, and many black and dark-coloured satin and silk dresses have been trimmed with it lately. Point de Raguse is in great favour for evening dresses; being a modern lace, though so marvellous an imitation of some of the old lace, it can be obtained of the modern shapes, such as gilets, full-length plastrons, and tunics; these look magnificent with velvet or light satin dresses. Corsages *décolletés* are rounded off the shoulders, and the sleeves are very short. Coats, cuirasses, cuirasses tabliers, manteaux de cœur, and trains with cuirass fronts, made of satin, faille, even velvet, and many varieties of façonne materials, such as brocade damask, brocaded velvet, embroidered satin or silk, &c., are worn over under-skirts of diaphanous fabrics, such as tulle, gauze, plain or fancy, embroidered in colour or metal, gaze de Chambéry, gaze clintelle, crêpe, and gaze crystallisé.

340.—Back View of Figures in Illustration 339.

Houses, and How to Furnish Them.

II.—THE HALL.

IF SPACE that you can really call "a hall" you are fortunate to have, and not a narrow slip, little more, in fact, than a passage, with the staircase facing the door. This hall has a boarded floor, which will look very well covered with an encaustic tile patterned floorcloth. These floorcloths are made in very pretty patterns; but linoleum, which is warm to the feet and durable, will suit. It gathers no dust, and can always be kept clean by washing with soap and water; it will bear scrubbing with a brush, but the water used must be only just warm, not hot, and the floor must be carefully wiped dry afterwards. You have room for a good-sized hall-table, which should be of some dark wood, with a drawer in it for hat and clothes brushes. On the table you will probably have a china card-plate. A large old-fashioned soup-plate makes a very good receptacle; if, however, you do not possess such a valuable bit of antiquity a Japanese tray can be bought very reasonably, and will answer the same purpose quite as well. It is a good plan to have hall passages, staircases, and closets all papered with the same paper, but, if painted or distempered, as so many houses are now, then that painting or distempering should be varnished. Varnish over painting, though not admissible in a room, is advisable in passages, on staircases, &c., because it can be so easily kept clean. There is a light yellow paper which is often seen, especially in town houses, marked out in blocks and varnished over. This is durable, and has the same advantage: the dust and dirt can be wiped off it. By having the house papered or painted from first floor to attic in the same way you avoid a patchy look. The skirting-board must of course be painted to correspond in colour with the walls the whole way up; the doors opening on to the landings should also match them on the outsides.

I have already mentioned your hall-table. Have two armchairs of the same wood as the table to match it; black oak, or rather oak black with age, is far more appropriate; but old oak, alas! costs a good deal in these days, when it is so much sought after. If you have any trophies of sport, antlers, cases of birds, buffalo-horns, mount them here, utilise them if you like as pegs for whips or hats. A hat-stand composed of horns tipped and mounted on the wood has a very good effect, and is less common than the ordinary combination of hat and umbrella stand. You must have an umbrella-stand, and it is quite as easy to procure a well-shaped one as to buy a stiff and ugly affair. It is far better separate, not fastened to the hat-stand, as, the space being small, the umbrellas are nearly sure to be injured in putting them in and out.

The front door-mat should be strong and serviceable. A cocoa fibre mat, one of the so-called "diamond-backed" ones, will be found to answer the purpose as well as any. A door-scraper also is considered necessary, but my experience is that they are rarely used—that is, if you have one outside your hall-door also. The mats at the foot of the stairs and outside the dining and library or morning-room doors should be alike, of some warm-coloured sheepskin, as also the one at the foot of the stairs, which should be a trifle larger than the others. Dark brown is a serviceable colour, and will contrast well with the walls and floorcloth—that is, if they are of a yellow shade. Some halls have fireplaces, and nothing can look much better than a row of blue tiles around them. If you are clever at china-painting you can paint them yourself. If you do not trust your own powers, or have no artistic talents, they are easily bought and cheaply in these days, when china-painting is so much the rage. Above the mantelpiece you might have one good painting, an old oil portrait, battle or sea piece. By all means have plants in stands if there is any space for them, only place them where they will get light and be out of a draught. It is hardly possible to have too many plants in a house; at least such is my idea. They are Nature's decorations, and have nothing tawdry about them. Large-leaved foliage plants are best for halls and landings. Ferns are too delicate to stand the variations of the temperature and the draughts, which, however much care you may take, you can scarcely avoid. I find some large green and white striped leaves (*Aspidistra*) answer best for these colder places; they are readily propagated by division of the roots, bear gas without changing colour, are very hardy, requiring little attention beyond an occasional sponging and wiping dry afterwards; they are most effective, and add much to the look of any room in which they are placed.

For your stair and landing carpets I advise stout Brussels, more expensive to buy at first, but amply repaying the original outlay by the extra time it will last.

Have no regular pattern, but one of those all-over geometrical designs, for this reason: your stair-carpet will in time wear out on what are termed the "nosings" of the stairs. If there is no particular pattern to match you can easily shift the carpet from time to time as it begins to look worn; there will be a border to the stair-carpet, but the landing-carpets will consist only of the plain all-over geometrical pattern of which the centre of the stair-carpet is formed.

Sometimes you can match a Brussels stair-carpet with a tapestry landing-carpet very fairly, and if economy has very much to be considered, and your landings are large, it is best to try to do so. I should advise also that underneath all carpets, but on your stairs and landing more especially, you should lay down stout brown paper; it is sold for the purpose, and you will be able to procure it where you buy your carpets; the price I gave for mine was about threepence per yard. It increases in a wonderful way the durability of the carpet under which it is laid, and also deadens the sound on stairs and in passages. You may have a back staircase in your house; if so the Brussels carpet might be continued all the way up, as the traffic on the front staircase would not be so great; if not, however, from the second flight to the attics it is as well to have a less expensive material put down, say a thick imperial twill, only see that it harmonises well with the other stair and landing carpeting laid down.

You will of course confine the carpet all the way up with brass rods, and I am old-fashioned enough to like a washing drugget put down over the stair-carpet. Few people use druggeting now, but there can be no question on the score of its saving a really good carpet. In rooms I do not care for it at first, as I prefer to admire my carpet while it is new, and cover it up with a drugget when it is getting worn and shabby.

If you have windows on your landings lay down a bit of bright matting before them, and have stands of flowers or leaves in wicker or wire cases standing on it; the matting saves the carpet, as even if you have saucers for your pots—and few plants will bear standing in water—the water soaks through the porous earthenware and leaves a round mark on the carpet, or if the pots stand in cases the water, when watering them, often drips down and stains the carpet.

Those doors which open on to the landings, and also the ends of flights of stairs, should be furnished with sheepskin mats matching those in the hall. All these minor details of matching and uniformity repay attention, for they add so very much to the general look of the house, and give a finish.

Should your first landing be large enough to allow of an ottoman or an easy chair standing on it, its appearance will be much improved; here also a few china jars on brackets, or plates ranged on a ledge of wood fixed on the wall like a small shelf, might be placed, supposing that you have sufficient china to overflow the other rooms and be conveniently spared for this purpose. Very often there is a small room or a half space of this description. A bright curtain of Spanish or French stuff, not by any means expensive to buy, could be hung before this door on a brass rod with brass rings, so that it fell in soft full folds down to the carpet. *Portières* of this sort give a warm, comfortable look to the coldest passage or landing, and in draughty houses are often really necessary. Pictures hung on staircases take off much from the bareness of the walls; it is not often, however, that people possess so many pictures—except in wealthy families—that they can afford to spare them from the chief rooms.

The hall in a house which I well know is made one of the most comfortable lounges in it. Floors of polished oak, square Turkey carpets, which are rolled back when the hall is required for dancing purposes, a charmingly-deep tiled fireplace, with brass dogs and brass low fender, the most luxurious of chairs—deep, low arm-chairs, in which you indeed find repose, tables strewn with papers, new books and magazines, huge china jars, old family pictures, screens to keep off the draughts, plants everywhere in handsome jars, Algerian flower-pots, and vases of Flanders grey, *portières* of soft, full gaily-striped materials before the various doors opening into the hall, deep bay windows looking on to the park, and the staircases lined with china plates, bowls, jars mounted on ledges, brackets, and shields of crimson velvet. Unfortunately it is not given to all to have these beauties surrounding them, or to have stores of old china and pictures, family heirlooms; but even simple homely decorations may be in perfect taste, though they may have cost us little but our time and labour. In these æsthetic days we hear and read of little but "high art" and "higher culture," meaning too often only the indulgence of extravagant tastes. The luxuriousness of the present age knows no bounds, so much so that it is hard to avoid falling into the fashionable rush after so-called high art in a middle-class house. However, we must remember that though good taste should never be absent, simplicity should govern it, and the styles of decoration which are suitable in a nobleman's mansion are incongruous in a smaller house, and only display ignorance instead of culture. Ostentation is always vulgar, but more especially when our means do not warrant our rushing into the extremes of fashion and extravagant display.

E. J.

1. "Estelle" Coiffure.

2. Side View of No. 1.

3. "Maria" Coiffure.

4. "Francine" Coiffure.

341.—FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

1. The "Mart." Vêtement.

2. Monogram (I. C. M.)

3. The "Bella" Costume.

4. The "Calypse" Dolman.

5. The "Lola" Paletot.

6. Monogram (C. D. M.)

7. Back View of No. 3.

342.—FASHIONABLE CONFECTIONS, &c.

Flat Pattern of either, 1s. 3d.—Madame A. Letellier, 40, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.
(Post-Office Orders to be made payable at King-street, Covent Garden.)

Fittings.

THE season for spring-cleaning upon us, the fancy of notable housewives lightly turns to thoughts of charwomen, scrubbings, furniture-polishes, and other cleaning and brightening preparations. Among those especially worthy of recommendation is the Furniture Polish prepared by S. and H. HARRIS, 41, MANSELL-STREET, ALDGATE, LONDON. This Polish does not need to be often renewed, as one application causes the wood to which it is applied to retain its gloss for a length of time. The Brunswick Black sold by the same firm is mixed from the best ingredients, and is invaluable in a household. Applied to tin, wood, ironwork, and stoves, Brunswick Black preserves and beautifies them, and saves them from the action of rust. Messrs. Harris's Superfine White Plate Powder produces a fine polish upon plate with a very small expenditure of trouble. It is very easily applied. Their New and Superior Steel Powder is useful for cleaning and polishing stoves, fenders, and fireirons, and even steel jewellery, which is so sadly apt to rust. Harris's British Polishing Paste, containing no corrosive or injurious ingredient, excels in giving a fine polish to articles made of brass, copper, tin, pewter, and Britannia metal. It is valuable for cleaning harness with little outlay of labour.

The excellence of all these preparations is attested by the numerous spurious imitations that have sprung up. The genuine articles have all the name of the maker in distinct characters.

The new spring fabrics for sale at the large establishment of MESSRS. JAMES SPENCE AND CO., 76 to 79, ST. PAUL'S-CHURCHYARD, are in infinite variety. Satins in all the new shades can be had from 1s. 11½d. per yard. Some of the pale tints are particularly adapted for bridesmaids' dresses. There is a lovely pale blue, a soft shade of maize, old gold, and a brilliant mauve, this colour and violet being now much worn again. A pale pink satin at 2s. 11½d. is pretty enough for anything. Some of the darker shades are as charming. The shades of biscuit and bêge are numerous. There is a perfect gamut of tints in stone-colour and brown. Some brilliant shades of red show up well among these latter patterns.

Pekin can be had in thirty-four different shades at 8s. 11d. the yard. Some of these are particularly beautiful. One in pale maize, striped in velvet and satin, would make an ideal dress for a pretty brunette. A similar one, in pale blue, would gladden the heart of a blonde. There is a pekin in the new *chaudron* (copper colour) which would look well in conjunction with dark brown silk or velvet. One in crimson satin, with stripes in velvet of a darker shade, is a very handsome material. Another has contrasting stripes of grey and claret colour, a very effective mixture.

Messrs. Spence also sell stamped Corduroy Velveteens in eighteen colours. The price of these is 3s. 4d. per yard. They make up very handsomely with plain velveteens. Corduroy is prepared in sixty-four shades. This popular material is to be much used this summer for costumes and ulsters. Velveteens are to be had in ninety-eight shades at 1s. 11½d.; cashmeres are also in great variety at 2s. 11½d. per yard. All the pale shades are represented, as well as the darker. The width is forty-eight inches, so that the material is very inexpensive, and wonderfully fine in texture at the price. Beiges are in many shades of grey and brown at 1s. 6½d. per yard. These are very suitable for making up into the short costumes now so universally adopted. I notice that some of these materials are marked as low as 1s. 5½d., being twenty-six inches wide. A soft material, something like cashmere, made in several colours, is sold at 1s. 8½d. the yard. Any one wanting an inexpensive and pretty spring dress could not do better than send for patterns. I do not know the name of the material, but it is something between cashmere and serge, and the price with this description will be a sufficient guide. A rather similar material, but not so soft, is sold at 1s. 9d.

A pretty imitation brocade is sold at 1s. 9½d. The silk threads are all thrown up on the surface, so that the fabric has the appearance of being composed entirely of silk. The flowers are in satin, and the effect is very good, especially in the paler shades and in crimson and deep claret brown.

Another material that looks rich, good, and handsome costs 2s. 9d. per yard, being twenty-four inches wide. It has a running pattern in light silk thread, the ground being woven of several rich colours together, but so closely as to present a quiet, rather than a gaudy, appearance. The washing materials are almost countless, comprising the newest printed designs, from a very low price, and including brightly-striped fabrics at 3s. 6d. per yard, double width.

I have also received patterns of their newest silks from MESSRS. LASENBY, LIBERTY, AND CO., 218,

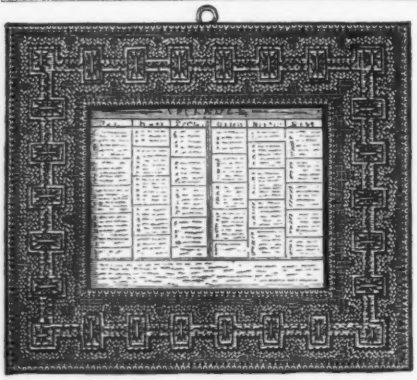
REGENT-STREET. These consist of samples of their latest consignment of Indian silks suitable for spring washing costumes. Those Chinese silks called "Shantung Pongee" are in all the tussore shades. They are in pieces of twenty yards, nineteen inches wide, and cost from 15s. to 35s. the piece. The Tussore silks, in pieces of ten yards, thirty-four inches wide, cost from a guinea the piece to thirty-five shillings. The Nagpore silks are in beautiful shades of maize, blue, crimson, tussore, cream, and soft greens and browns. The price of these is 25s. per piece of seven yards, 34 inches wide. The Corah silks are in shades of cream, and cost from 17s. 6d. per piece of seven yards, 34 inches wide. These make charming washing dresses. The white Rumchunder silks and black ditto are my favourites. The fabric is what a Frenchman would call adorable. Imagine a silk with all the richness of a good grosgrain at twelve shillings a yard and all the draping qualities of the softest cashmere, and you have the Rumchunder before the eyes of your fancy. They cost from 30s. to five guineas per piece of seven yards, 36 inches wide. The lowest price of the black per piece is 35s. My favourite among these costs £3 the piece.

The new spring fabrics prepared by MR. EGERTON BURNETT, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, are in the usual variety, and in even more than the usual wide range of colours. The first that meets the eye on opening the pattern-book is called the Hurlingham, which is a very soft cashmere in the fashionable grey-green shades. The price is 2s. 3½d., width 25 inches. It is also made in the pretty, Quakerlike, and becoming mouse colour so fashionable latterly. The Grosvenor, a material with narrow lines, self-coloured, is also made in a variety of shades. Corduroy du Printemps is quite a new material, in plain colours, being an imitation in woollen stuff of the velveteen corduroy that is to be so much worn this season. Another good material, resembling barathea in fabric, is made in lovely colours, among them an exquisite shade of poplar green. The price of these is 1s. 11½d., width 24 inches. The Cabul is a fabric resembling very fine alpaca. The surface is silky and smooth. This would be excellent for travelling dresses. The price is 1s. 11½d., width 29 inches. It may also be recommended for dust-cloaks. The "Summer South Kensington" is well adapted to receive embroidery, being soft and light, yet possessing substance. Its price is 2s. 3½d., width 24 inches. There is an excellent russet shade among them, which would throw out colours admirably. The New Cashmere Princess is represented in rich browns and deep crimsons, 24 inches wide, price 1s. 11½d. Among the samples of the Hurlingham is a fine shade of pale blue. This material costs 2s. 6d., and is 26 inches wide. It is also made in black. Egerton Burnett's waterproof serge is an excellent material for habits and dresses to wear when yachting. It is 54 inches wide, and costs 7s. 6d. per yard. It is thick like cloth, and yet light. The colour is, of course, navy blue. The new hand-made vigogne serge is warranted to give good wear, being woven from very superior yarn. The price is 2s. 6½d., width 27 inches. Homespuns are in numerous shades, at 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 6½d. Light yarn serges make pretty and inexpensive dresses, at 1s. 3½d. per yard. The Trocadéro is the name of a very pretty material with a small figure, self-coloured. The price is 1s. 9½d., width 24 inches. There is plenty of choice among these excellent patterns, which will be sent on application at the address given above.

I think our illustrations for this month will be found eminently practical. No. 337 gives a pretty *demi-saison* costume that can be adapted to any dark material. The panier is simulated, in a very simple manner, in No. 338, the jacket being suitable only for very slight figures. The lace *jabot* and collar, too, would make a stout figure look simply enormous. The house dresses shown in illustrations 339 and 340 are more simple. The morning dresses with Watteau pleat will be found an admirable model for washing materials, and very becoming to most figures. The short walking dress being now established in public favour must not be allowed to degenerate into the uncomfortable and inconvenient length called *ras-terre*. Our artist has made this mistake, I perceive. The sketch should, rightly speaking, be short enough to show the instep and keep clear of mud and dust.

The coiffures shown in illustration 341 are intended to accompany full dress, and will be found much more becoming, to all but classical faces, than the simple knot that reigns supreme at present. The warmer weather to which we are now looking forward will necessitate the substitution of fringe for the fur that appears on dolman No. 1 of illustration 342. The shape is particularly comfortable. Nos. 3, 5, and 7 show children's dresses. No. 4 is an excellent shape to make in material matching the dress, trimmed with the curled tape fringe now so much worn.

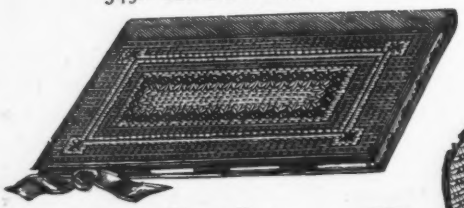
The new system of cutting out, entitled the Equilateral by its inventor, Mr. John Pike, of Anerley-hill, and Church-road, Upper Norwood, is based upon mathematical principles, and is therefore as perfectly accurate as it is possible for any system to be. It is, at the same time, easy of comprehension, so much so



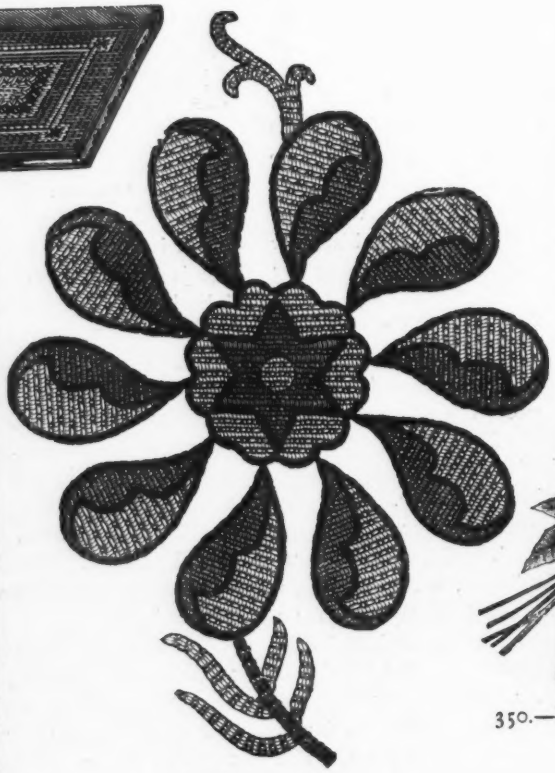
343.—Almanac-Frame.

344.—Bow for the Hair.

345.—Detail of 343.

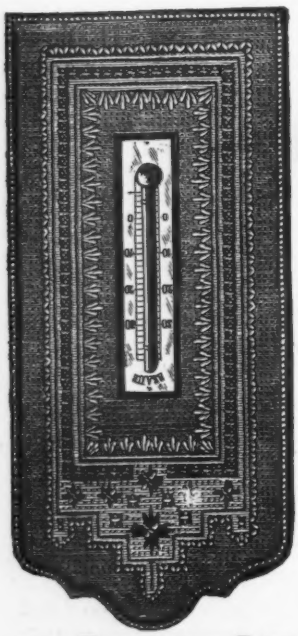


346.—Needle-Book.



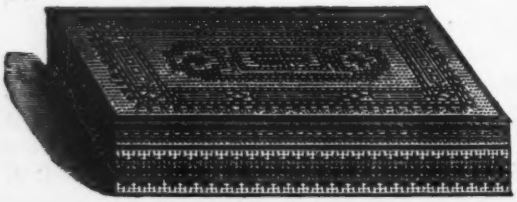
348.—Detail of 354.

347.
Bow for the Hair.

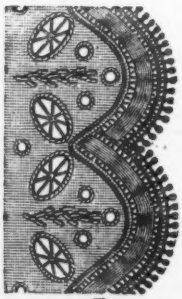


349.—Thermometer in Frame.

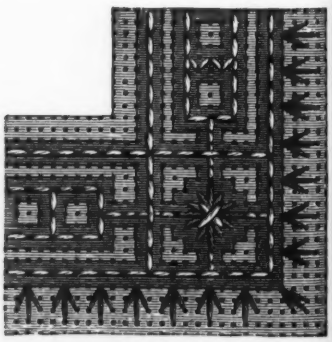
350.—Flowers for the Hair.



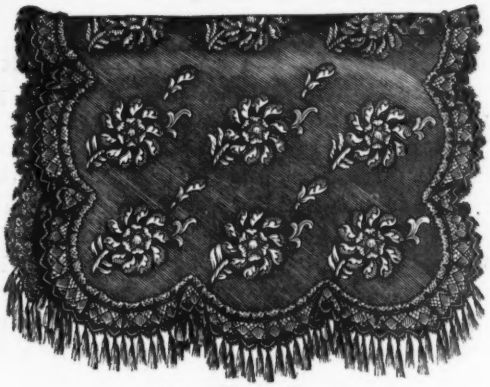
351.—Letter-Box.



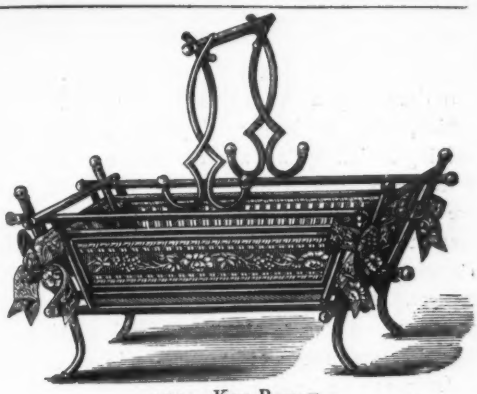
352.—Edging.



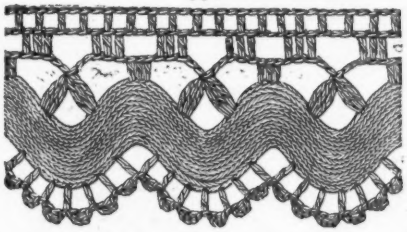
353.—Detail of 351.



354.—Table-Cover.

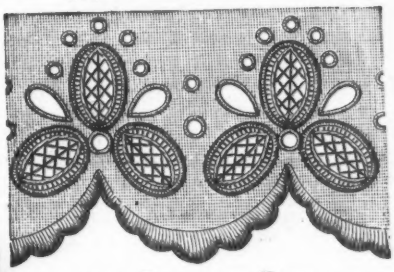


355.—Key-Basket.

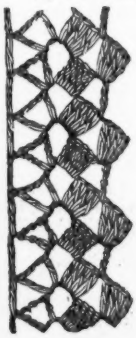


356.—Edging in Braid and Crochet.

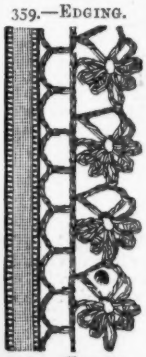
357.—Cigar-Tray.



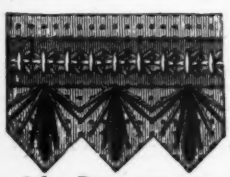
358.—Embroidered Edging.



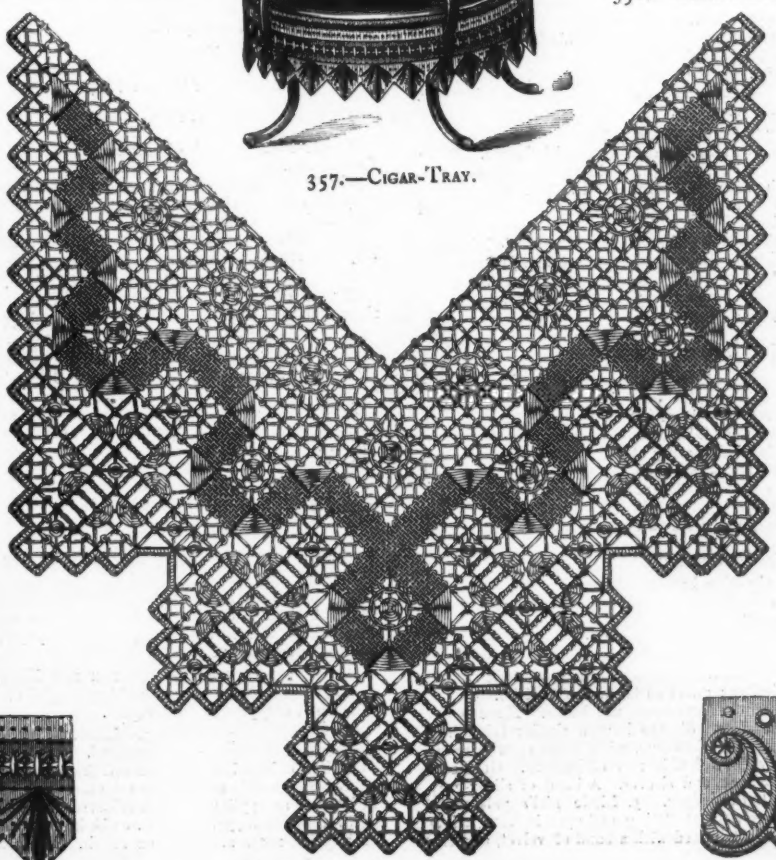
359.—Edging.



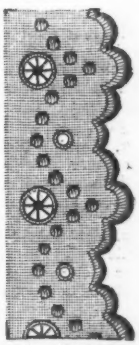
360.—Edging.



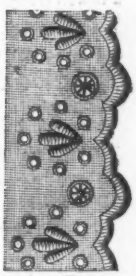
361.—Detail of 357.



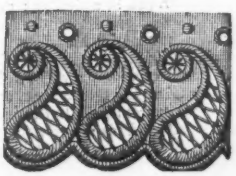
362.—Cravat-End in Guipure.



363.—Edging.



364.—Edging.



365.—Edging.

that it can be taught by correspondence. Mr. Pike has drawn up a printed explanation of his method, which, with explanatory diagrams, he sells for five shillings. The principal requisite for working out the system accurately is careful measuring. It is taught at the Tailors' School for Cutting, 40, Warwick-street, Regent-street. It is highly spoken of by Dr. T. Darwin Humphreys, the well-known authority on such matters. Dressmakers would save themselves and their customers endless trouble by adopting this method. The tiresome process of "trying on" need not then be so frequently undergone, and the fit would be equal to that produced by first-class tailors.

The Invalid Couch, patented by Messrs. Robinson and Sons, of Ilkley, Yorkshire, thirty years ago, has now been brought by them to a pitch of perfection that must render it an invaluable boon to invalids. The seat is now composed entirely of elastic springs, an immense addition to the comfort of those who are obliged to lie down almost incessantly. Being very light and portable, they are well adapted to India and other hot climates. They are of a convenient size for a sickroom, and are easily adjusted. The price ranges from £5 to £7 5s., as the purchaser may or may not desire to possess the useful additions in the shape of arms and patent indiarubber hooped casters.

Humming-Bird.

Description of the Fashions and Needlework Engravings.

337.—Visiting Dress.

Visiting dress in bronze silk armure and embroidered trimming. Short train trimmed with a plissé. Tunic slightly puffed at the back, and raised en tablier in front. Louis XIV. jacket, matinée style. The back is trimmed with a band of embroidered silk, ending in the form of a horseshoe, with a row of buttons down the middle. A long embroidered waistcoat forms the front. Large turned-down collar. Fringe composed of ribbon loops trims the edge and the sleeves, the latter having a puff of silk round the elbow.

338.—Morning Jacket.

Elegant morning jacket, mantilla shape, in black cashmere. It is tight at the back, the fronts finishing in long scarf ends, which are tied below the waist. Three rows of gold braid and a frill of Breton lace trim the edges. The cuff has a similar trimming. Jabot and collarette of Breton lace.

339.—House Dresses.

1, Morning dress of pale blue cashmere lined with flannel. Down the front a plastron of olive cashmere, embroidered in satin, overcast, and buttonhole stitch with pale green silks. The sleeves and pockets are trimmed to correspond. Trained skirt with pleated flounces of blue and olive cashmere.

2. Half-trained skirt of black cashmere, with deep pleated flounce; tunic and jacket bodice of the same material. The jacket opens over a long vest of figured velvet, embroidered in coloured silks, and buttoned down the front. Large square pocket of cashmere.

340.—Back View of Preceding Illustration.

341.—Fashionable Coiffures.

1 and 2. The hair is brushed straight off the temples; that at the neck is well crimped, and also brought to the top of the head. Over these is placed a false front, arranged in natural curls (style Louis XV.), while the real hair is arranged in undulating lines to cover the join of the bunch of false curls that hangs over the neck.

3. All the real hair is hidden away at the top of the head. A false fringe is worn in front, a bunch of curls at the back, and a Marie-Antoinette bow of hair in the middle.

4. A bow of hair conceals where the false front is put on; a small chignon joins this, and a crowd of curls fall from it on the neck.

342.—Fashionable Confections, &c.

1. Dolman-visite in sky-blue broché. A band of fur surrounds the vêtement, white; also sleeves, fronts, and neck, fastened by silk cord and tassels. 2 and 6. Monograms in satin stitch. 3 and 7 Little girl's dress in cashmere and nacarat foulard. A plastron of foulard forms the middle, front, and back. The back ends in a false skirt, with small ruched frills and a scarf in four pleats. The tablier is draped in a similar manner as far as the plastron. A bias band of cashmere edges the fronts and the backs. Three small ruched flounces trim the sides. Sleeves have a similar trimming. 4. Paletot-visite in nacarat Sicilienne, with large open sleeves. The fronts cross over with a double row of buttons. Gold embroidery trims the front, back, and sleeves. A band of silver-grey marabout surrounds all the edges. 5. Little girl's paletot in mastic cloth and brown velvet, half-fitting and open in front below the waist. The edges are trimmed with a band of velvet, also the cuffs and pockets. The collar is of velvet, pointed at the back. Grey skirt with plissés.

343 and 345.—Almanac-Frame.

Appliqué.

Cardboard frame lined with stamped brown paper, and covered with pale green perforated cardboard. The appliqué design is cut out of white perforated cardboard, and is sewn on, according to illustration 345, in plain stitch and point russe, with pale pink filoselle. Round the edges are point russe stitches of white and pink silk and a narrow strip of stamped white paper.

344.—Bow for the Hair.

Cluster of blue asters and silver hawthorn, with grasses of pale gold. Bow and ends of black velvet, relieved by a coloured fly.

346.—Needle-Book.

Appliqué.

Needle-book cut out of cardboard, and covered with brown perforated cardboard, on which is an appliqué of the same material in a pale shade of fawn colour, sewn on with blue and white filoselle in Smyrna stitch, plain, cross stitch, and point russe. The book is lined inside with silver moiré, and fitted with a pocket. Vandyked leaves of fine white flannel are sewn in for the needles. Button and loop of purse silk to fasten.

347.—Bow for the Hair.

Cluster of moss-rosebuds and rushes, tied with scarlet satin ribbon, on which is fastened a jewelled grasshopper.

348 and 354.—Cover for Work-Table.

Embroidery.

Ground of olive satin, scalloped according to illustration 354, and embroidered from the pattern given in illustration 348. Trace the design, and work the separate leaves with split blue and pink filoselle, sewn on with silks of the same shade. The leaves are then outlined with brown filoselle, and the centre star worked in the same way with pink and yellow silks. When the embroidery is completed the cover is lined with lutestring, and finished with a row of blue and pink lace and droppers of olive silk.

349.—Thermometer in Frame.

Appliqué.

Frame of cardboard, scalloped and covered with brown perforated cardboard; it has an appliqué of cream-coloured cardboard, worked with double cross and plain stitch of brown and cream-coloured silk. Round the outer edge point russe stitches of white silk. The thermometer is lined with stamped brown paper, and thin polished cane round the outer edge.

350.—Flowers for the Hair.

Spray of pomegranate buds and leaves of olive and brown velvet, grasses and droppers of feather gold.

351 and 353.—Letter-Box.

Appliqué.

Shallow oblong box of cardboard lined with stamped gold paper and covered outside with cream-coloured perforated cardboard. On the latter is an appliqué of fawn-coloured cardboard sewn on according to illustration 353, with white silk in plain stitch, and with blue silk in point russe and Smyrna stitch. The box is divided inside

MADAME A. LETELLIER, 40, TAVISTOCK ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C., SUPPLIES ALL THE MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR THE NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS ON THESE PAGES.

into three partitions to hold the paper and postage stamps. The lid is covered in a similar manner according to illustration 351.

352.—EDGING FOR UNDERLINEN.

Point Lace Braid and Embroidery.

Ground of white mull muslin, scalloped and edged round with point lace braid and a pearl edging. Above the braid is an embroidery in overcast and feather stitch; the braid is sewn on in buttonhole stitch.

355.—KEY-BASKET.

Key-basket of black polished cane, studded with pearl, and ornamented with black satin ribbon woven with coloured flowers in filoselle. Bows of similar ribbon on the corners.

356.—LACE EDGING FOR WASHING MATERIALS.

Crochet and Braid.

1st row: Along one side of the braid (see illustration) 7 treble with 1 purl of 5 chain, 1 treble between each in first hollow of braid; repeat. 2nd row: Along the other side of the braid, * 3 treble in centre of next scallop, 5 chain, 3 long treble near the next scallop, not yet drawn up, 3 long treble beyond the hollow drawn up with preceding long treble, 5 chain; repeat from *. 3rd row: 3 treble in 3 stitches following the 3 treble, 3 chain, 3 treble in 3 stitches before next 3 treble, 3 chain; repeat from *. 4th row: 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1; repeat.

357 and 361.—CIGAR-TRAY.

Embroidered Lambrequin.

Circular tray of gold bronze, with stand of black polished cane, constructed to hold a box of lucifer matches. Round the tray is a vandyked lambrequin of perforated cardboard, cut out of pale fawn-coloured card, on which is sewn a strip of dark brown card with dark red silk. The vandykes are worked with fine red chenille, and the same material is sewn on round the upper edge of the lambrequin.

358.—EDGING FOR UNDERLINEN.

Point Lace Braid and Needlework.

Trace the pattern on cambric or lawn, and sew on the separate designs of braid with buttonhole stitches. Then work the embroidery in purse and buttonhole stitch, and cut away the ground as shown in the illustration.

359.—LACE EDGING FOR UNDERLINEN, &c.

Point Lace Braid and Crochet.

Close 11 chain into a circle, and knit to and fro as follows:—1st row: 5 chain, 2 long treble with 3 chain between in circle, 5 chain, 4 long treble in circle, 1 chain, 1 long treble in circle. 2nd row: 3 chain, 3 long treble in first separate chain stitch, 4 long treble in 5 chain, 5 chain, 2 treble with 3 chain between, where 4 long treble were crocheted, 1 long treble in first 5 chain. 3rd row: 5 chain, 2 long treble with 3 chain between in 5 chain, 5 chain, 4 long treble in same 5 chain, 1 chain, 1 long treble between next 4 and following 3 long treble; repeat 2nd and 3rd rows.

360.—CROCHET EDGING.

1st row: * 7 chain, 5 purl of 5 chain, and 1 double, going back, take up 1 stitch out of each purl, and draw up all together, 5 chain, 2 treble with 5 chain between where the last 6 stitches were drawn up together, 1 treble in 6th of previous 7 chain; repeat from *. 2nd row: Along the straight line * 1 treble in vertical part of next treble, 5 chain, 1 treble in 5 chain, 5 chain; repeat from *. and sew on to a point lace braid.

362.—CRAVAT-END.

Netted Guipure.

On a ground of straight netting, the design is worked in point de toile, point d'esprit, and point de reprise. The separate lines of netting are also worked in overcast stitch, and a close row of buttonhole stitch finishes the outer edge.

363, 364, and 365.—BORDERS FOR WASHING MATERIALS.

Embroidery.

The designs are traced on cambric or nainsook and worked in satin, purse, and buttonhole stitch. The wheels and lace stitches are put in with lace thread.

366 and 367.—WORK-BAG.

Embroidery.

Basket-bag of straw canvas with narrow scalloped border of fine cane. In the centre is a puffing of blue satin, with scalloped borders of white cloth, embroidered from the design given in illustration 367. The cornflowers are worked in chain and satin stitch with blue and moss-green silks; the lilies with white silk, and the stems and tendrils with shaded green in feather and plain stitch. The bag is made of blue satin, and drawn up with narrow blue ribbon. A box-pleated ruching of blue satin is then sewn round the edge of the canvas.

368.—BORDER FOR ANTIMACASSARS, &c.

Embroidery and Punto Tirato.

Ground of white garden gauze, worked in star and vandyked pattern, with white thread in satin stitch, point russe, and ladder stitch, the latter taking in four threads of the gauze at each stitch. For the open-worked border on each side lengthway threads must be drawn out, and the space filled up as shown in the illustration. The gauze is then turned down and finished off with a common open hem.

368*.—FLOWERS FOR THE HAIR.

Cluster of silver narcissus and pink rosebuds, with golden grasses, arranged on a brooch-pin.

369.—WORK-BASKET.

Circular basket of osier and black polished cane, 6 inches high and 8 inches in diameter. The lid and basket are covered with puffings of blue satin, finished off with box-pleated satin. On the basket are vandyked strips of grey cloth, embroidered in the design shown in our illustration, with two shades of grey filoselle in plain and satin stitch, and in point russe. The rings on the lid are wound round with blue purse silk, and finished off with tassels of blue silk.

370.—EMBROIDERY FOR TRIMMING DRESSES.

371.—LADY'S FAN.

Fan of satin, shaded from bright blue to white, and embroidered with floral design of silver cord and silks. Frame of ivory, with white and blue cord and tassels.

372.—LADY'S FAN.

Fan of white pearl fitted with real lace. Cord and tassels of white silk.

373 and 374.—DESIGNS FOR SLIPPERS, POCKETS, &c.

Cross Stitch.

These patterns are worked on canvas with wool and filosello in the following colours:—No. 373. Two shades brown, blue, maize, pale grey. No. 374. Three shades green.

375 and 380.—LAMP-MAT.

Appliqué.

Square mat of olive-green velvet, with deep border of old-gold-coloured serge silk. On the latter is an embroidery, for which the pattern is given in original size in illustration 380. In the centre of the velvet are four ovals worked with pale pink and blue crewel, and moss and old gold silks in interlacing buttonhole stitch; they are then edged round with olive and old gold wool, sewn on with the same coloured silks, and with feather stitch of ivory silk. The centre circle is made of fine gold cord, sewn on with gold silk, and worked with blue silk and blue and brown wool in knotted and Smyrna stitch. The arabesques on the serge silk are worked with brown wool, sewn on with old gold silk, and with feather stitch of various-coloured silks. The leaves are worked in chain and buttonhole stitch, with three shades of green and three shades of brown wool, edged with yellow silk. The circles are of blue wool, sewn on with yellow silk and filled up with knotted stitch of red and yellow silks. The rest of the embroidery is worked in feather stitch with various-coloured silks. Lines of pearl cord, old gold colour, and a tasselled fringe of brown and gold are sewn round the outer edge of the mat.

376.—COSY FOR MILK-JUG OR BOTTLE.

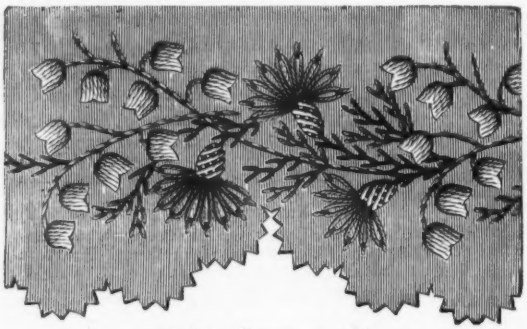
Crochet.

Materials: Blue and White Wool.

For the lower part of the cosy crochet with blue wool as follows:—Along 4 chain, begin a circular piece of work in double crochet for 7 rows, increase and decrease as required to make the circle lie flat, and use white wool for the 3rd—5th rows inclusive. For the upper part crochet in Victoria stitch along a foundation chain of 48 stitches, 24 pattern rows, 6 stitches with blue and 6 with white wool, so as to form squares, which must be reversed in position after every 4 pattern rows. The sides are then sewn together, and the circular piece is sewn on at the lower edge. Round the upper edge crochet with white wool as follows:—1 long treble, 1 chain, miss 1; repeat. Close with slip stitch. 2nd round: With blue wool, * 1 double in chain stitch, 4 chain, 1 double in 3rd of 4 chain, 2 chain; repeat from *. Close with a slip stitch. Narrow ribbon to draw up the cosy is then threaded through the round of white wool.

377, 379, and 381.—MONOGRAMS IN SATIN STITCH.

366.—Work-Bag.



367.—Detail of 366.

368.—Border for Antimacassar.

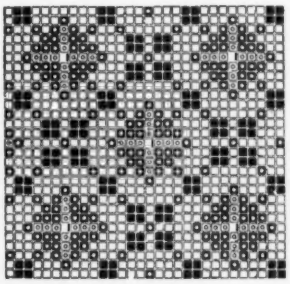
369.—Work-Basket.

368*.
Flowers for the Dress.

370.—Embroidery Strip.

371.—Lady's Fan.

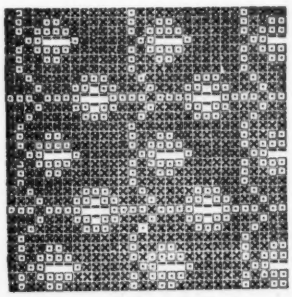
372.—Lady's Fan.



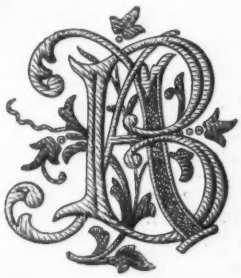
373.—Design in Cross Stitch.

375.—Lamp Mat.

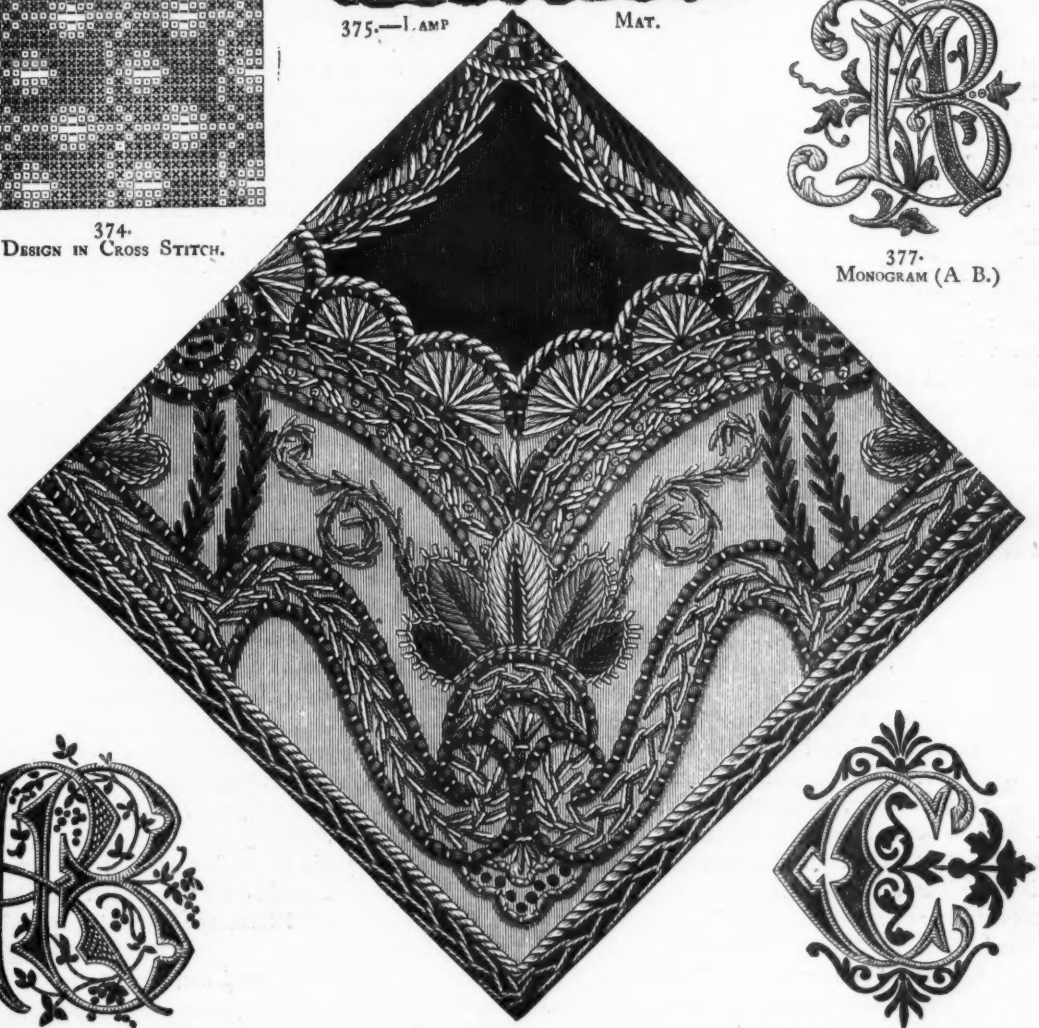
376.—Jug-Cosy.



374.
Design in Cross Stitch.



377.
Monogram (A. B.)



380.—Detail of 375.

379.—Monogram (R. B.)

381.—Monogram (G. C.)

Almost a Quixote.

CHAPTER XV.—*concluded.*

THE doctor glided from the patient's side and searched the box with a conjurer's rapid fingers, looked round the room and the bedroom behind it, had completed his investigation, and was tending Milly again before Miss Vernon's return.

"She had better not see me when she recovers," he said hastily, giving his bottle into Miss Vernon's hand. "Bring her to and put her to bed, and I'll send round a tonic," with which this strange doctor turned his back upon his fainting patient and abruptly left the house.

Miss Vernon looked after him in astonishment, exclaiming—

"Well, if those are the London doctors, give me the country ones!" and then set to work to revive Milly as best she might.

Meanwhile the doctor had not gone far, but was lurking round the corner of the street, patiently watching through a time long enough to wear out anybody's perseverance in the most wearisome of all occupations—waiting. It did not, however, affect him in the least; he watched with the same unruffled calmness from first to last, till at length a tidy little brougham came down the quiet street and seemed to afford him what he wanted. He sprang forward very quickly, and as it was stopping before No. 16 put his head in at the window, rather disconcerting a middle-aged gentleman who was the sole occupant of the carriage.

"What's the matter?" he asked, staring with all his might.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Dr. Smith?" asked the intruder.

"That is my name."

"May I have a word with you in private before you visit your patient here?"

"Really, sir, this is rather extraordinary."

"It is extraordinary," returned the other soothingly. "I feel it to be so, doctor—no one more than myself; but if you'll let me get in a moment and speak to you, while your man drives on a little bit and back again, I won't detain you five minutes, and it'll all be as right as a trivet."

The mixture of earnestness, self-possession, and vulgarity in this man astonished the doctor, as well as the authoritative manner that seemed as if it would not be refused. Uncertain whether he was going to be robbed or confided in, Dr. Smith allowed the stranger to slip into the brougham, and called to the staring coachman to walk the horse on a few paces.

"Thank you, doctor, that's all right, and I can explain the seemingly queer way in which I've intruded on you in half a twinkling. The fact is, I'm a detective—Inspector Johnson, at your service—and I'm after the young lady you're going to see on a charge of jewel-robbery."

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor uneasily; "this is a very odd thing."

"You may say so, sir. I've been half over Europe after that young woman. Happened on her at last in Florence among a lot of nuns in an hospital—traced her through her disposing of a diamond ring of which I had the description. Then I found she was coming home along with the nuns, so I thought I'd keep quiet and see if she came to anybody that might be in the robbery with her. But no! she comes to a soft young farmer, an old lover of hers that I know all about through following up her story. It's a rum one altogether."

"But what do you want with me?" put in the doctor.

"Well, sir, I went in just now as your assistant."

Dr. Smith gave him a look of wrath.

"Why, bless you, sir, I've got to be anything and everything by turns, and I'd make up into as good a doctor as anything else—bar prescriptions—and I had a little bit of a search; but the young woman looks uncommon bad, more like her funeral than anything else. So all I wanted to ask you, sir, was to do your best to pull her through, and not split on me. If there was a row and she took mad and died (she looks like it) it would have a bad look, and this is a case that's sure to come very prominently before the public. If all goes well it'll get your name up no end as well as mine."

"Thank you, you need not trouble about my name," said Dr. Smith, though his practice was not so exceptionally large as his family was, and the idea was not unpleasant to him.

"Well, but you'll see to her and not split on me, won't you, now? And let me know when I can break it to her gently, and I'll manage everything quiet and comfortable."

Dr. Smith promised prudence, appointed an hour at which he could see the inspector the following morn-

ing, and getting rid of his visitor by these means, stopped once more before No. 16.

Punctual to the moment Inspector Johnson presented himself at the doctor's door next day; that gentleman met him in the passage and led the way to the study.

"Well, sir," began the inspector cheerfully, "what do you say to the patient? How soon could she take her trial without detriment to her precious health?"

"Perhaps in a few days, perhaps never. She is in a singularly weak, exhausted state," and the doctor, who was kind, thought sadly of the fair suffering face, the young man's hungry eagerness about the girl's life, and the terrible disclosures that awaited him. Dr. Smith could hardly wish to save her as it was, but he must do his best.

"I am giving all I can to revive her," he said stiffly. "I will not betray your secret, but privately I must advise you to wait. A sudden shock would probably be fatal."

"All right, sir! No fear of me. I'm all for making things pleasant and easy. Why, if I had to hang a man he'd never find it out till the execution was over."

"In a few days I shall be able to give a more decided opinion," said the doctor, declining to discuss the inspector's dexterity.

"I'll keep an eye on the house and you'll see fair, sir," and perceiving that he was not regarded with any peculiar favour, he departed and went on waiting patiently during these days, while the doctor's skill was fanning the little spark of life till it flickered into a flame. Milly was very quiet; hardly ever spoke, never smiled; sometimes lay thinking, while the tears rolled down her cheeks unheeded.

Once when Miss Vernon leant over her, wiped the tears away and kissed her, the girl roused herself into something like terror.

"Don't—don't be kind to me!" she whispered, shuddering; "that will kill me."

Another day she asked where she was, and looked about her as if in perplexity, when Miss Vernon said in London, but she made no answer and asked no more questions. She had no suspicion that Mark was near, the other thought, and as to her own recovery she seemed not to care, and never spoke of it but once when Miss Vernon smiled on her and told her she was better.

"Better?" she repeated. "Oh no! It's worse for me to live," and Miss Vernon turned away to hide her tears and try to forget the look of heartbreak in those blue eyes.

Dr. Smith, too, felt a strange pang when he looked at her, and an earnest sympathy for Mark, about whom the inspector had volunteered a good deal of information picked up during the inquiry. The doctor found himself more interested in No. 16 than he had been in any one case for years, and his kindly voice and manner broke pleasantly through Mark's lonely watch, and made this stranger soon seem a true friend.

But one odd thing about their good physician struck him very much: there seemed to be no expression of pleasure as he declared that the patient was really regaining strength; that she had recovered the immediate effects of the shock; that she would soon be in her usual state of health. Indeed, when the doctor said that he looked more sad than ever, and got into his carriage shaking his head and sighing. At last the day came when the inspector could be kept off no longer, when Mark must know all. With a feeling of painful apprehension that was quite new to him, Dr. Smith followed him into the little sitting-room and shut the door.

"She is really better?" said Mark, uneasy under the thoughtful, sad look fixed on him.

"Really better. As strong as she is ever likely to be."

"I think," Mark went on, trying to win a more cheering look from this man—"I think you will be dismissing us soon, Dr. Smith—sending us to the seaside or somewhere to recruit."

The answer was only a strange look, a murmured "Poor fellow!" that seemed to come from the man's heart. Mark winced a little; he knew too well that he was to be pitied not to find pity bitter, and he merely repeated what he had said before with some little reserve of manner.

"I fear"—the doctor could not help hesitating—"I fear there will be some most painful explanations necessary before it will be possible to remove her."

"I do not understand you."

The doctor looked at him again with that striking expression of compassion in his eyes, and then said, very hesitatingly—

"Mr. Vernon, I feel that I owe you an apology, somehow, for knowing more of your affairs than you are aware of."

"At any rate we need not discuss them," said Mark, turning away in displeased surprise.

"Upon my soul!" cried the doctor, "I would give a great deal not to have any need to discuss them with you, but I cannot help it."

Mark faced him again, standing like a brave man prepared to be shot.

"You have something painful to tell me, I suppose?"

XUM

he said. "What can it be? I have known the worst some time."

"One never knows what is the worst," began Dr. Smith; and then slowly, falteringly, with true reluctance, he brought out the truth about the storm that had gathered over them.

Mark listened in dead silence, standing steadily to take the blow, clutching a chair-back near him as Brutus clutched the curule chair. He heard all; the doctor paused, and there was a silence between them.

"I cannot understand this, sir," he said at last, speakingly low and heavily. "But so it is with half these—these things. I must see this man myself."

The doctor explained who the man was, and a bad sort of gleam lighted Vernon's eyes.

"So! he has been spying here already! He has seen——"

He could not end the sentence; it was too much that this enemy who was hunting her had seen her in the extreme of her weakness and distress. What! was there to be no end to her sufferings? No mercy for her—no rest?

With a little gesture of excuse he left the doctor hurriedly, to be alone with a struggle once more, to try to face this new horror, to understand it a little, to find out what could be done to save her still. The first thing must be to make an appointment with Dr. Smith and the inspector, and they met that evening, when the doctor was surprised to see the iron firmness with which Mark faced them and entered on the business at once. Nothing but the most matter-of-fact hardness was in his tone as he followed out all the details of the trouble that were presented to him.

His one thought was to have an inquiry managed privately without Milly's knowledge. He would submit to any supervision; the inspector might lodge in his house; he would offer any money security they could demand if only she might be spared. It was impossible that she could be guilty; of course her innocence would be established, but could it not be established without inflicting more terror and indignity upon her?

Inspector Johnson was extremely civil, and conscious that they owed him a great deal of civility, too, for his past patience. His duty must be paramount now, he assured them. There was no choice, no possibility of compromise; the young lady must come with him and explain to a magistrate how she got possession of that ring.

"And as to security, you know, sir, if she's committed you could offer bail then."

Mark turned round with a sudden fierceness that leaped up and was repressed in one moment, even as the man started at the change.

"I'm sure there's nobody wants to make things pleasant more than I do," he grumbled. "There's not many that would have waited as I've done, or kept still as I've done."

The doctor said soothingly they were much obliged, and Mark was quiet.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," the inspector went on: "I've got the warrant out against her, and I can take her when it's convenient. Now let's call down the old lady and break it to her pleasant-like, and then she can take her own judgment about telling the young one. Bless you! the ladies know how to do these things—they have that nerve and delicacy, that's what it is—and then to-morrow morning I'll have a cab round and take her away as if she was riding in her own carriage. I'm a husband and a father, and I know what's due to females, and to prevent unpleasantnesses I'll accept Mr. Vernon's offer and pass the night here."

He was out in the passage next moment, requesting the servant to ask Miss Vernon to come down and speak with the doctor, waiting outside till she appeared, and then leading her in with a very considerate air, he placed her in a chair, and stood before her talking.

She glanced in a fright at Dr. Smith, who shook his head gravely; at Mark, who was leaning on the mantelpiece with his face turned away, then at the speaker, who was saying a great deal she could not understand.

He talked much of his own civility, of his patience, of the excellence of his behaviour, then, as she gazed at him in utter bewilderment, he became distinct all at once, gave her his own name and the facts of the ghastly story.

"No! no!" sobbed Miss Vernon, incredulous with distress. "It's not true! Milly never took anything. Poor child, she was led away and deceived. It's not true, Mr. Johnson. Mark! Dr. Smith! why don't you tell him it's not true?"

"Well, there, ma'am, don't flurry yourself. I daresay it isn't true. I only want her to come before a magistrate as a matter of form and explain it herself. You've a deal of good sense, as I can see, and knowledge of what ladies like. That's what I want of you. I want you just to break it to her gently. Let her know, then, she'd better go through with it quietly, like a girl of spirit."

"Oh, I can't tell her! I can't tell her!" sobbed Miss Vernon.

"But she's afraid of me already," said the inspector. "If you don't it'll have to be the doctor."

And it was to him that the telling this dreadful

news fell at last. He went upstairs while these three remained below, silent, listening.

"I want to ask you a few questions, my dear, as a matter of business. You must not think me impertinent," he said, sitting down beside her.

She looked up gratefully with her tired eyes, and said he was very kind.

"That diamond ring, my dear, that you sold in Florence. Can you tell me where it came from?"

Her cheeks flushed painfully.

"The rings were given me. Travers gave me a diamond ring," she faltered. "It was of more value than she thought."

"Who is Travers?"

"Miss Grant's maid. She—oh! don't ask me about it all," she exclaimed with a burst of tears.

The doctor soothed her as well as he could, but the necessity was inexorable. Little by little he was obliged to tell her all. It was very hard to make her understand it, and he had to put it in the plainest words at last, and told her exactly what the accusation was.

She sprang up at the words and looked round her like a hunted creature.

"What! they will say I am a thief! they will take me to prison!" she cried out, then suddenly threw herself down on her knees before the kind man. "Save me! save me! save me!" she shrieked. "Hide me somewhere! Don't let them find me! Kill me yourself! Put me out of my trouble!"

"Hush, my dear, hush!" and he raised her very gently. "You must calm yourself, my poor child, and try and remember how it all was. Don't do like that! The more you shriek and cry the less you will really know about it all. Sit down here and try to recall the circumstances. How was it you had the jewels in your charge? You will be still, I'm sure, and think about it; and then by-and-by there is a lawyer, a friend of mine, a clever man, coming to see about it. He will take care of you; don't be afraid; there is justice in this country, you know; they will not condemn the innocent."

Milly crouched down in a corner of the sofa where he had placed her, trying to obey him—trying to think. She pressed her hands before her face, and tried to force her mind back to that dreadful past, but nothing would become clear to her in this whirl of misery and fear. It was all the confusion of some suffocating dream; that strangers came and spoke to her; that she was taken away from that place of shelter; that she found the man who had frightened her by her side again; she knew it all but dimly.

In the police-court, before the magistrate, she was so quiet and passive, it seemed almost that she was unconscious of her position. The inspector, proud of his achievement, had allowed the discovery and arrest to be proclaimed by the papers, and considerable interest was felt in the case. By the strange magic of rumour everybody seemed familiar with the story in an hour, and the beautiful maid who had run off with her mistress's lover and her jewels was a theme of public discussion at once. The court was crowded with curious gazers; all eyes were on her; but she did not heed even when the witnesses were called, and a pale woman with glittering eyes appeared in the box. Milly did not seem to notice her, or heed Travers' glib story of the theft and utter denial of her gift to the prisoner.

The inspector had privately declared that "his case lay in a nutshell." Frightfully clear it seemed to the doctor, as he listened in an agitation that surprised himself. The public felt a little disappointed at the quiet, matter-of-fact way in which the tale was proved; no excitement, no sensation; the men felt a little resentful, as it they had been decoyed there for nothing.

But they were not to disperse without the pleasing excitement of some visible suffering after all; for when the case was over, and a tall, stern-looking man stepped forward to offer bail, the prisoner started with a look of the wildest terror, looked up at last, and met his eyes.

She had had no thought that he was there, and now he stood so near, yet so utterly parted from her, it seemed like a meeting in the hopeless world, and in the sudden horror of it she uttered a shriek that made the whole crowd stir and heave.

"No! no!" she cried out, "send me to prison! "Don't let him see me! don't let him help me!" and she covered her face with a great outburst of sobs.

There was sensation enough then. Warders moved forward hastily, women cried and stared, reporters eagerly gathered up details of the scene; even the magistrate looked disturbed. But the cry of human anguish had soon rung through that official place and died away.

Bail was refused, however; but to Milly that place was best which would best hide her from Mark.

A minute more and she was removed, and another case was called, while Milly, her hands still pressed before her face, was led away out of sight.

Dr. Smith took Miss Vernon back, and Mark went out into the street. There the rare winter sunshine was pouring down brightly; people were walking rather slowly, as if they lingered to enjoy it; a barrel-

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organ was grinding out tunes at the corner, and some little children, dirty and merry, were dancing to it in the road. Carriages rattled past with prosperous-looking people inside; there seemed to be so much everyday happiness and peace about, and all so strange to him.

The contrast between *her* fate and all this common life pressed on him heavily; this self-satisfied, calm prosperity was choking him, and with an instinct of escape he strode on more rapidly, for it is long before we learn that from some pursuers we have no power to fly.

Celebrated Authoresses and their Works.

X.—CHARLOTTE BRONTË (*concluded*).

"JANE EYRE" was new and startling. No one had ever dared to make a heroine plain, small, and insignificant. Charlotte Brontë had done this. No one had ever dared to hint that the magnetic attraction which draws one soul to another is a stronger bond than mere beauty or grace can be. Charlotte Brontë had done this. Her pages glowed; her people lived; her readers were spellbound, held as the wedding guest was by the ancient mariner, and unable to escape from the charm. Thackeray says that with his own work pressing upon him he could not, having once taken the volumes up, lay them down till they had been read through. It was vain for critics to talk of "courtship after the manner of kangaroos," "coarseness of language," "laxity of tone," "horrid taste," and "sheer rudeness and vulgarity;" blemishes there were, but they were only like smuts on the face of a statue. *Jane Eyre* held its own triumphantly, and, as Mr. Reid says, in two months became famous through two continents. In what does its great merit consist? Not in the plot; that is at times clumsy; and Miss Braddon has now made us so familiar with bigamy that the idea falls dully on our hardened ears. Yet *Jane Eyre* still continues to interest, for its power of interesting consists in the people who stand before us—living, breathing realities. Rochester—black-browed, square-shouldered, abrupt, rude—is a real man; Jane Eyre is a distinct person; they are not put together like bits in a dissecting-map. We do not think it probable that such persons may have been; we know they *are*. They have been alternately torn with passion and principle; they stir with glowing life. Who can speak of the immorality of *Jane Eyre* when the whole drift of the book is the purest morality?—the victory of duty over inclination. Rochester is, indeed, no saint; he is an erring man, deeply sinning, deeply punished, and finally saved by the conscientiousness of the woman whom "he suits to the finest fibre of her nature."

In writing *Jane Eyre* Charlotte Brontë had given her soul its natural release. Her poems had been like "dull narcotics lulling pain;" but this vivid picture of human beings wrestling, struggling, agonising, was a fitting outlet for that "perilous stuff" which had been seething and bubbling in her so long. "Women," she says in *Jane Eyre*, "are supposed to be very calm generally, but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their labours, as much as their brothers do. They suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer, and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags."

As months went on, hundreds of speculations were made as to the author of *Jane Eyre*. Who could the mysterious Currer Bell be? A man, declared some of the reviewers; no woman would speak of "trussing game;" no woman would dress a lady in a morning robe of sky-blue crape, and no woman would "hurry on a frock." Then followed the rumour that the author intended to satirise Thackeray under the name of Rochester, and even to obtrude on his private troubles. If Currer Bell *was* a woman, she was some discarded being, who, according to the *Quarterly Review*, "had, for some sufficient reason, forfeited the society of her own sex." Shocked at such reports, and anxious to contradict the notion that Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell were one and the same person, and that *Wuthering Heights* and *Cyrus Grey* were inferior works by the author of *Jane Eyre*, Charlotte Brontë resolved on a journey to London. She and Anne set off by the night train; they walked to Cornhill, and had some difficulty in penetrating to the head of the publishing house.

"At last," says Mr. Reid, "he came into the shop, saying with some annoyance, 'Young woman, what do you want with me?' 'Sir, we have come up from Yorkshire to speak with you privately. I wrote *Jane Eyre*.' '*You* wrote *Jane Eyre*?" cried the delighted publisher. So the mystery was out: Currer Bell was not a man but a woman, small, shy, and shrinking—no bold, brazen Jezebel, but a *ci-devant* governess—a Yorkshire parson's daughter. Introductions followed, and that was a strange contrast indeed between the hurried walk to the station in the early morning and the brilliant assemblage at the Opera House, where the two timid women were taken by their new friends to see the *Barber of Seville*, and to listen to the singing of Jenny Lind."

Though Charlotte never shone in society, still she could talk well in a *tête-à-tête*, and her eyes, now full of fire and now of softness, were so expressive that her large nose and wide mouth were forgotten. Family troubles soon darkened the brilliance of literary glory. In September, 1848, Branwell died, without any preliminary warning. "Many," writes Charlotte, "would think our loss rather a relief than otherwise, yet the last earthly separation cannot take place between near relatives without the keenest pangs on the part of the survivors. Every wrong and sin is forgotten then; pity and grief share the memory and the heart between them."

Death, having found its way into Haworth Parsonage, was not satisfied without another victim. Four months after Branwell died, Emily was snatched panting from life. The grim story of her death, her resolute determination to dress herself the morning she died, her refusal to touch medicines or stimulants, or even to own that she was ill, and then the last faint whisper of her exhausted spirit—"I will see a doctor if you send for him now," have a stern pathos which suits the mind that could have originated *Wuthering Heights*. The father, with his two remaining daughters and the fierce old dog Keeper, which Emily had loved better than any human being, followed her to her grave. Then came the gradual fading away of mild, gentle Anne.

Emily had not been dead six months when Charlotte and Anne, accompanied by Miss Nussey, set off to Scarborough for the benefit of sea-air. Then came the painful story how the little party stopped at York, and how Anne made purchases of bonnets and dresses from her bath-chair, and even visited the minister. Then followed the arrival at Scarborough, Anne's prostration next morning on going to the baths, and her fall at the garden gate. Her end came so gradually that her friend carried her downstairs; she sat at the breakfast-table and partook of a basin of bread and milk, and at two o'clock she was dead. "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage," were her last words; and Charlotte *did* take courage.

When she returned to Haworth alone, and her father met her with "unwonted demonstrations of affection," she tried to be glad to be at home again; but gladness, never a frequent guest with her, could hardly now be a familiar friend. During the lifetime of her sisters she had written the first two volumes of *Shirley;* she now began the third, the most brilliant and picturesque of the three; she slackened the reins of her imagination; she gave free scope to her fancy—to her descriptive power; she listened to the voice that spoke to her in secret. There is more variety of character, too, in *Shirley* than in *Jane Eyre;* instead of having two prominent characters, she fills her canvas with a cluster of vigorous portraits. The three curates, Mr. Malour, Mr. Sweeting, and Mr. Donne, the Yorke family, with their sharply-defined peculiarities, and last, but not least, the old Cossack, Helstone, show a grim humour and an insight into the various contrasts of human nature of which there was little trace in *Jane Eyre*. Mr. Swinburne goes so far as to say that "no more lifelike and memorable portrait than Mr. Helstone was ever wrought into the composition of an ideal or historic picture. The man's hard, rigid, contemptuous, yet never quite unkindly or unrighteous, force of character, his keen enjoyment of action and struggle, his fierce, imperious relish of resistance, the fine soldierly quality of spirit which made him always less ready to go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight—all these points are relieved and combined with a skill and strength perhaps incomparable in the work of any other woman."

The old Cossack, Helstone, was a portrait of Mr. Brontë. Every novelist must to a certain extent copy from life; the care to be taken is that these copies are not caricatures, in which certain leading traits are exaggerated, while others, which might counterbalance them, are left in the background; this Charlotte Brontë has not done. With the care and pains of a true artist she has done her subject justice. Mr. Helstone is not an absolute tyrant, but his is a stern, hard nature which brooks no weakness, and asks for none of the sweet amenities of life. He wishes women to be fools; and though he can enjoy a fencing match with the fearless and fascinating Shirley Keeldar, he will stand no nonsense from the women of his own household. Shirley, "sister to the bright fiery spotted leopard," a "being of fire and air," was Emily Brontë; but

Emily beautified, idealised, glorified, warmed by the sun of prosperity and softened by the purple light of love. Charlotte Brontë may be said to have done for her people what Tennyson describes so well :—

> "As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children ever at his best."

Shirley is no Mammon-worshipper. "Small maxims, narrow rules, little prejudices, aversions, dogmas, must be bundled off. She washes her hands of the lot," and "this pantheress, beautiful, forest-born, tameless, fearless," is at length subjugated by the tutor, Louis Nivors. He who taught her can alone lead her. The descriptive bits in *Shirley* flash like gleams of light. "The moon reigns glorious, glad of the gale, as glad as if she gave herself to his fierce caress with love," is said by Mr. Swinburne to "paint wind like David Cox, and light like Turner." Such praise may sound startling and overstrained, but Charlotte Brontë had real inspiration, caught from her beloved purple moors. We can almost see her eyes kindle and her face glow as she looks at them. *Shirley* was finished in the autumn of 1849, and was greeted with a burst of praise. Those who had murmured at *Jane Eyre* were vanquished by the vigour of *Shirley*.

In December Miss Brontë went to London, and found fame waiting for her.

"Ever since I arrived," she says, "I have been in a whirlwind." And then she *naïvely* tells how she has had a fire in her bedroom evening and morning, and two wax candles. "Mrs. —— and her daughters seemed at first to look upon me with a mixture of respect and alarm, but all this is changed. . . . She treats me as if she liked me, and I begin to like her much. Kindness is a potent heart-winner." There was, too, a certain little man, Mr. X. (afterwards a suitor), "who tries to be very kind, and even to express sympathy sometimes, and does not manage it. He has a determined, dreadful nose in the middle of his face, which, when poked into my face, cuts into my soul like iron. He is horribly intelligent, quick, searching, sagacious, and with a memory of relentless tenacity."

On one occasion she met some of her critics who had been her bitter foes in print, but were prodigiously civil face to face. "These gentlemen seemed infinitely grander, more pompous, dashing, showy, than the few authors I saw. Mr. Thackeray, for instance, is a man of very quiet, simple demeanour. His conversation is very peculiar—too perverse to be pleasant." London society did not suit the shy, sensitive authoress, nor did she suit it. People were disappointed in her, and things that were popular, such as Macready's acting, did not please her. In the critical faculty she was singularly deficient. She could not appreciate Balzac or Jane Austen. Her remarks on *In Memoriam* are singularly wanting in discernment, and she owns that she cannot admire "a certain wordy intricate obscure style of poetry such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes."

In the autumn of 1851 she began *Villette*. Here, more even than in her two previous books, her real self comes out. Every sentence, Mr. Reid says, was wrung from her as though it had been a drop of blood. Lucy Snowe appears cold (she *must* have a cold name), but beneath this frigid exterior is concealed a restless, glowing nature. At first this outwardly unattractive teacher, shut up in the regular routine of foreign school life, gives her heart secretly to the handsome doctor, Graham Bretton, who is constantly thrown in her way. At times Reason remonstrates. "This hag, this Reason, would not let me look up, or smile, or hope. She could not rest unless I was altogether crushed, cowed, broken in and broken down. According to her, I was born only to work for a piece of bread, to await the pains of death, and steadily through life to despond." All this time M. Paul Emanuel, the testy little Professor of Literature, is stamping and storming from the estrade at his pupils. In his ink-stained paletot and bonnet grec, with his close-shaven black head, square forehead, and steel-blue eyes, how imperious, how despotic, how irritable he is! By degrees we come to know the little man better. He waters the orange-trees, he puts chocolate comfits and interesting books into Lucy Snowe's desk, and though he hisses into her ear sometimes, and is jealous, fitful, and sarcastic, still we are sure he is kindly disposed. She breaks his spectacles, and he does not scold; he gives a *fête*, and we feel his simple-hearted pleasures and his rare smiles. At length we find the man is a hero. He has been supporting the two helpless women who have wronged him in his youth, and his life has been a series of self-sacrifices. Like Lucy Snowe, we bow our heads and acknowledge ourselves vanquished. Thus it is that people slowly steal upon us in real life. Bit by bit we get to know them. M. Paul is Charlotte Brontë's masterpiece. Surely the quaint, faulty little professor did live and move in the foreign schoolroom, did glare from his "lunettes" at the offending pupils, but to those who soothed or comforted him was as meek as a lamb.

In *Villette* Charlotte Brontë gave her deepest convictions on human life. She is not oppressed with the idea of an overruling Fate; she assents to it. "I think," says Lucy to Paulina, "it is decreed that you two should live in peace and be happy amongst mortals. Some lives are thus blessed; it is God's will, it is the attesting trace and lingering evidence of Eden. Other lives run from the first another course. Other travellers encounter weather fitful and gusty, wild and variable,

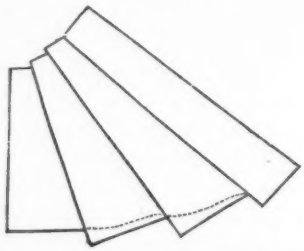
breast adverse winds, are belated and overtaken by the early closing winter night. Neither can this happen without the sanction of God."

Charlotte Brontë was more than a year writing *Villette*. Once her work stood obstinately still. "No spirit moves me," she writes; "a torpid liver makes a torpid brain." She went for a lonely stay at Filey, which did her inexpressible good, and after a week's visit from her friend Ellen she fell to business; the "welcome mood came, and her eyes were tired from scribbling." She did not follow Dr. Johnson's advice and sit down doggedly; she waited till the spirit came. "I have been silent lately," she says, "because I have accumulated nothing since I last wrote." On the 22nd of November, 1852, her task was finished. She always felt that she had done her very best in *Villette*, and was keenly pained when a small circle of critics found something in the third volume of the MS. which stuck confoundedly in their throats. Alteration, with her, was impossible. "I must have my own way in the matter of writing," she says. "I must bend as my powers tend." Even at the request of her father she would not alter the close of *Villette*. Lucy Snowe's romance must have a tragical ending, Paul Emanuel must have a mystery over his fate. Her readers must be satisfied with what is offered. "My palette affords no brighter tints. Were I to deepen the reds or burnish the yellows I should only blotch." She knew the public taste better than her critics. *Villette* was welcomed as a real heart-history, and M. Paul is one of those characters in fiction which stand out from the common herd. Mr. Swinburne goes so far as to compare him with Don Quixote, and to give Charlotte Brontë the highest rank as a novelist, while he places George Eliot in the second place.

With *Villette* Charlotte Brontë's career as an author ended. We are all tolerably familiar with the closing scenes of her life, with the faithful, long-enduring love of Mr. Nicholls for her, as faithful as that of Jacob for Rachel, with Mr. Brontë's determined resistance; with Charlotte's hesitating compliance with her father's wishes, with her yearning tenderness towards Mr. Nicholls, and her deep grief as she parted from him at the garden-gate, "when she was trembling and miserable." Then came the old Cossack's gradual relenting as his keen eyes rested on the daughter he was so fond and proud of, whose health and spirits now drooped as they had never drooped before. The brilliant novelist was now only a household fairy, attending on sick old Tabby, and with a heavy burden at her heart. Mr. Brontë at last consented that his late curate should be summoned back to Haworth, and Mr. Nicholls' marriage with Charlotte Brontë took place June 29th, 1854. A brief gleam of sunshine came to Charlotte's hitherto clouded life. With her husband she visited his native Ireland, and went to Killarney and Glengariff. She found him always "reliable, truthful, faithful, affectionate, a little unbending perhaps, but still persuadable and open to kind influences. I pray," she says, "to be enabled to repay as I ought the affectionate devotion of a truthful, honourable, unboastful man." This joy which had come to her so late was a roadside flower, not startling or brilliant, but mild and fragrant. "As far as my experience of matrimony goes," she says, "I think it tends to draw you out and away from yourself. I think those married women who indiscriminately urge their acquaintance to marry much to blame. For my part, I can only say with deeper sincerity and fuller significance what I have always said in theory—wait God's will." These months of gentle peace and tender expectation were not fated to last long. Charlotte Nicholls was only a wife for eight short months. Her friends thought that all would soon be well, and that her illness would have a joyful termination, but she grew weaker and weaker. "I cannot talk," she says, "even to my dear, patient, constant Arthur. I can only say but few words at a time." Then came the wild, harsh morning when she spoke no more words, but passed away and left the two watchers alone in the dismal parsonage. The blinds were down; the dog howled; one of the most richly-gifted women of the present century had passed into the land of spirits. "Can you see many long weeds and nettles among the graves?" asks sick Caroline Helstone, "or do they look turfy and leafy?" "I see closed daisy-heads," answers Mrs. Pryor, "gleaming like pearls on some mounds. Thomas has mown down the dock-leaves and rank grass and cleared all away." So we may think of Charlotte Brontë's life. The Divine Gardener had mown away the nettles and docks of turbulence and passion that the daisy-heads might show more white.

Lessons in Dressmaking.

THE skirt is now cut out, and the next thing to do is to put it together. To do this take the two shortest gores, put them selvage to selvage, and run them together with strong cotton, or, what is better, thin thread, to within 18 inches of the top. This leaves the two sloped sides, and to these the straight ones of the gores next in length must be run. To join them together lay them on the table with the sloped side uppermost, and begin at the top, leaving 1½ inches beyond in the longer breadth. (Be careful in joining the seams not to stretch the sloped side upon the straight.) Take the same course with the next two breadths, and, lastly, put in the back one, joining it even with the others at the top. Next you must slope the skirt, and if you have not a large table



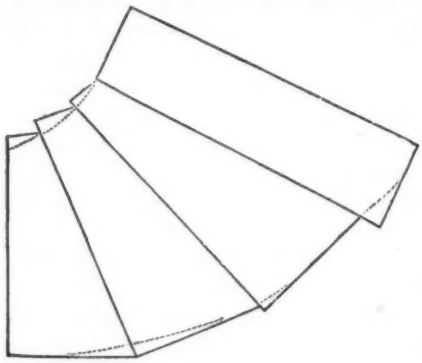
you had better lay it on the floor to do this, and the dotted line in the diagram will show you what will have to be cut off.

Now comes the lining. Cut the 2¼ yards lengthwise into four, join them, and lay the strips thus obtained upon the skirt 2 inches from the bottom, pinning it here and there. Then turn over the 2 inches of serge over the lining, and tack it firmly about ¾-inch from the edge on the right side. Then bind it with the braid, which must have been previously scalded with boiling water and dried, as otherwise it always shrinks and gives a puckered appearance to the bottom of the skirt, very disfiguring to an untrimmed one such as ours. Now hem the serge down upon the lining, and again lay the skirt upon the table or the floor, pin the lining down, making pleats in it when necessary, and be careful that you get it to set flat with the material. When this is hemmed lay by the skirt and proceed with the body.

You have the lining ready, and you should lay it all upon the serge and plan it out before cutting, so as not to waste the stuff, but remember that all the pieces must be cut the same way, the same as the breadths of the skirt. Having arranged how you can best cut the various pieces, pin them on, cut them out, and tack them all round with white cotton about 1½ inches from the edges. In cutting out the sleeve allow two inches more at the cuff to make the hem. Begin by putting the back together; first make the seam down the centre, next the two at the sides, supposing the back to be cut in only four pieces.

Having stitched these by the creases you have made in the lining, tack the pleats in the front, the seams upon the shoulder and under the arm, and try it on.

In fitting the body, put the edges of the front together and pin it, first loosely together, afterwards tightening it by putting another row of pins behind the first. Do not make it tight, for nothing looks worse than fronts which seem to drag at every button-hole, and allow plenty of width across the chest. The



seams under the arm and upon the shoulder may require a little alteration, but if you have cut the pattern carefully they ought not to do so. Take a strip of linen long enough to go round your waist, fold it about 1½ inches wide, and put it on as a belt and pin it to the bodice.

Now, having fitted it, take it off, making a crease in the fronts where they join. Tack a line of white cotton on the button side of the front about one-third of an inch behind the crease, and the other fold over the same width beyond the crease, so that the button-hole side is a little the wider of the two. Put another line at the top of the lining band pinned round the waist, stitch the remaining seams, press them all open with a hot iron, sew over the edges, and put in the whalebone.

The next thing to do is to put the bands on at the neck and waist. The former of these must be made of

serge, and lined with a scrap of silk or ribbon. The latter should be of alpaca, as the serge would be rather clumsy, and the lining of it is formed by the piece already used. Pipe the armholes, and, lastly, do the buttonholes, which must be cut with a pair of buttonhole scissors, and in doing this be careful to cut by the thread and make them equal distances apart by a paper measure.

If you have not had any practice in making buttonholes, it is easier to work them if you previously sew them over lightly with silk. Work them with the twist, beginning at the end farthest from the edge, and when about six inches from the other end *sew* it round instead of buttonholing it, which allows room for the shank of the button. Now pin the front over to the line you have tacked on the other side, put the buttons through the buttonholes, and pin each shank on the other side, then unpin the fronts and sew the buttons on, and put hooks and eyes at the neck and waist.

You must next make the sleeves, joining them at the creased lines and hemming them at the wrist, so that the stitches do not come through upon the serge; then put them in, pinning them first with the sleeve next to you, beginning from the mark you have made where the shoulder-seam comes.

The next thing is to join the skirt to the body. First measure the width of the two centre back pieces of the bodice, and gather the fulness of the back breadth of the skirt to this size, pin together, and put the dress on. Pin the first seam on either side of the skirt to the second pleat in the bodice; the second seam to that under the arm, taking in this last one if it should be necessary, and turning in what is necessary to make the skirt fit smoothly over the hips, and if there be any fulness to spare in the third gore add it to that at the back, as the dress ought to be quite plain except this. Lastly, turn in what is to spare at the opening in front of the skirt, and take off the dress and sew the body and skirt together. Now lay the dress upon the table and pin down the hem in front. You have the width decided for you at the top, and you have only to let it fold over naturally in a diagonal line to the bottom of the skirt. The next thing is to make buttonholes like those upon the body, and the same distance apart in the hem as far as the opening goes, to sew buttons on to correspond, and continue them the entire length of the skirt, so that it looks as if it was buttoned all the way down. You have now to loop back the skirt, and an easy way to do this is to sew strings of tape at the second seam from the front on either side 10 inches, and again 20 inches from the top, between which in a direct line put little loops of tape, through which pass the strings, and tie it back as tightly as you please. Nothing now remains to be done but to make the pocket and put in, and the place for it is between the two strings on the right side.

I hope my readers will not grumble at the space I have taken to describe the making of a very simple dress, or think me tiresome in entering into such minute details, for I think those who have never made a dress will not think I have been too explicit.

Perhaps before my next article appears some of my readers may have made their first attempt, which will, I hope, prove a successful one, and I shall then devote my pages to the description of more fashionable garments, or, at any rate, more elaborate ones, for the foundation of which much that I have said in this will prove of use.

Description of Our Crewel Pattern.

THE design we give our readers this month may be used for various purposes, but will probably be more used for antimacassars than anything else. The materials for working it in crewels can be supplied for 1s. 9d. by Mr. Benjamin Francis, 16, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, or by Madame Adèle Letellier, 40, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. The colours should be as follows:—The tree in various shades of green, but not too bright in tint; the stem brown; the girl at the other side of the tree may have a dress of two shades of green, and a green hat. These greens must be distinct in tone from those of the tree. The girl with the Gainsborough hat may have her dress worked in two shades of red, a red hat with yellow ribbon. The maiden whose hat has fallen off might have shaded violet for her drapery, and a yellow hat; and the fourth may have a brown skirt and a blue hat. The hair of all the dancers must be golden or brown, and some pains must be spent on their countenances. Very few stitches will be necessary here, but they must be very carefully put in. The boots and lettering should be black.

Antimacassars ready traced with this design can be supplied to the subscribers of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE on light or dark crash at 1s. 6d. each on receipt of that sum in stamps at either of the addresses given above. The design can be traced on ladies' own material for a shilling. These prices do not include postage, for which extra stamps must be sent.

THE FOLLOWING CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERNS HAVE BEEN ISSUED WITH THE "ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE" FOR THE YEAR 1879:—

JANUARY.—Cut-out Pattern of a Lady's Jacket suitable for Outdoor Wear.
FEBRUARY.—Cut-out Pattern of a Child's Blouse.
MARCH.—Cut-out Pattern of a Lady's Opera Cloak.

TO THE WORKERS.

SEE this yellow, fretted foam,
Venice point—like Venice waves,
Lashed to whiteness, tossed to lightness,
By some madness in their caves;
And as mellow where it lies
As the moonlight, or the moonlight
Of her skies.

Can you fancy how it fell
Shimmering on a lustrous head?
Brow as royal, lips as loyal
As you overlean instead;
While the weaver wrought and died,
And this airy web of fairy
Time defied.

Here's a cup a conqueror bore
Where it flashed on princely ways,
And the fairest and the rarest
Sang the triumph of his days.
Bare and still is banquet hall,
And the dancers send no answers
To your call.

And the conqueror's name is lost!
But the dainty cup shall hold
One undying, through the flying
Of the moons and hopes grown old;
For the potter, fashioning
Faith and duty into beauty,
Lives, a king.

And this portrait! when His Grace
Stood before it in content,
All the splendour it could render
Seemed his gracious monument,
Telling smiling dame and knight
All the story of his glory
And his might.

But to-day we only care
For the mantle's tint of flame;
And the measure of such treasure
Is the crownless painter's name.
For the workers lose their lives
Giving purely, knowing surely
Work survives.

Description of Our Coloured Fashion Plate.

WEDDING OR FÊTE DRESSES.

1. Costume in pale blue Indian cashmere and silk, with embroidery and fringe. The skirt is trimmed with a silk pleating headed by a double-pinked ruche of silk. Tunic of cashmere, buttoning up the left side, princess cut, the tablier raised on each side in folds, and train slightly draped. There is a seam in the middle of the front of the bodice. Embroidery follows the outline, turns to the right, and trims the train. Similar embroidery trims the front and ends on the left hip. Tassel fringe trims the edges of the tunic. A motif in passementerie with cord and tassels trims each side of the tunic. Cashmere sleeves ending in two silk pleatings and a double-pinked ruche. Cream silk bonnet.

2. Dress in pensée and crême café silk. The front of the skirt is a tablier cut out in black muslin, on the top of which a pleating of pensée silk is sewn. Over this is put a puffed tablier of silk, at the edge of which are placed two triangles of crême café coloured silk, lined with pensée silk and fastened by a motif of passementerie with pensée tassels. The tunic, princess shape at the back, has a train and paniers, the latter formed by pleats arranged in the seam under the arm, and kept back by cords underneath. A revers of cream faille lined with pensée comes from the side seam, and falls over the tunic. The front of the bodice forms two pointed basques, the ends of which are lined with cream silk and turned back, being fastened with a motif in passementerie with pensée tassels. Collar and shawl revers in cream silk. Waistcoat of same. White felt bonnet.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S CONVERSAZIONE.

All Letters, questions, and communications of all kinds—excepting those relating to the publishing department—to be addressed to Humming-Bird, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., Warwick House, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street.

To Correspondents.—All letters requiring an answer in the following number must be sent before the tenth of each month. Letters cannot be answered by post.

RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF COMPETITORS

FOR THE

PRIZE POEM ON CHILD LIFE.

(1) All Competitors must be Lady Subscribers to the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.

(2) Poems must not exceed one hundred lines in length.

(3) Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, and send their names and addresses in full; but *noms de plume* should be adopted in view of publication or reference in the Magazine.

(4) There will be no restriction as to any particular Metre or Verse.

(5) The Poems must be addressed to the Editor of the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, Warwick House, Salisbury-square London, E.C., and marked *Prize Poem* on the envelope.

(6) No Poem will be received after the First of May, 1879. The name and address of the Winner will be announced in the October number of the Magazine, and the Prize of Five Guineas will be forwarded with that number, in which the Prize Poem will also be printed.

Our Double Acrostic.

Our fifth series of Double Acrostics began in the December number.

A guinea book will be presented to the lady who is most successful in guessing the greatest number of lights. A half-guinea book will be presented to the lady who is next best. Both books to be chosen from the Catalogue of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., which will be forwarded to the successful competitor for that purpose.

The result will be announced in our June number, in which a fresh series will be begun.

RULES.

The winner of a prize must allow her name and address to be printed in the Magazine. Answers must be sent in by the fifth day of the month of which the Magazine bears date. Answers to the acrostic that appears in this number must, for instance, reach us before the fifth day of April, and will appear in our May number. Answers must be sent in on separate paper from that used for any other communication, and must be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* for publication, and the correct name and address of the sender, clearly written.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. XXIX.

As different as night from day
Are we—one sad, the other gay.

1. "Be thou familiar, but by no means ——."
2. "From beds of raging fire to starve in ——."
3. An abbreviation in common use.
4. "True, I talk of dreams
   Which are the children of an —— brain."
5. "The greater the truth the greater the ——."
6. "On eagles' wings immortal —— fly."

Allegra.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. XXVIII.

1. C andi D.*
2. A poll O.†
3. T humpin G.‡
4. S tillnes S.§

* Pope—*Essay on Man.*
† Shakspeare—*Love's Labour Lost.*
‡ Cowper—*Friendship.*
§ Shakspeare—*Henry V.*

Correct solutions have been received from Bridewell and Bethlehem, Marie, Clyde,* Ruby,† and Potie.‡

* Clyde has failed to give the source of the quotation from which our second light is taken.

† Ruby has given no sources whatever.

‡ Potie has also failed in tracing second quotation.

Waiting at Table.

A Young Inexperienced Housekeeper would feel much obliged to Humming-Bird if she would kindly give her some information as to the manner in which the maid should wait at table, where she should put the plates when she takes them away, and other particulars. Is she to take away the knives before the plates? [We will suppose that there are soup, fish, joints, pudding, cheese, and dessert for dinner. When dinner is announced, and all are seated, the waitress should stand at the head of the table, at the left-hand side, and remove the cover from the soup, handing round a plate of soup to each person, beginning with the lady on the right. After that she must hand round the sherry; as each person finishes, the plate must be removed (with the spoon in it) and replaced by a clean one; the soiled plates are put into the zinc-lined bucket, and the knives, forks, and spoons into a box similar to the bucket, with two compartments, one for knives, and the other for silver; the soup-tureen must not be removed till all have finished. The fish, which should be brought to the door by the cook, is then placed on the table as well as all other dishes. The waitress removes the cover and hands the plates round as the fish is put on them, taking in the left hand the sauce tureen to save time; after every one is helped, she then takes round the cruet and sauces, the hock, if in use; if not, sherry must be taken round again. She then proceeds to remove the plates. A waitress ought always to be on the look-out to see who has finished, as a soiled plate ought never to be left before one longer than can be avoided. Now comes the joint. After removing the cover, each one is helped as before, the waitress taking either a tureen with gravy or a dish of potatoes in the left hand. She proceeds to hand round the vegetables till all have been helped, after which the wine, beer, stout, or any other beverage must be taken round again; soiled plates must again be removed; and, lastly, the dish; before doing which the waitress ought to bring her knife-box to the table and carefully lift the carving knife and fork and gravy-spoon off the dish in case they should fall off in removing it; all noise or fuss is to be avoided, and everything done as quickly and quietly as possible. A waitress should keep a constant watch to see that no one is waiting for anything. The pudding is then placed on the table and served in the same way as the joint. The cheese follows; it is generally put on the table, the person who is helping cutting some in small pieces on a plate, which the waitress hands round with biscuits, butter, celery, &c. After this course everything is taken off the table except the dessert and flowers, and all crumbs carefully removed. A dessert-plate and glasses are then put before each person, and the wine before the gentleman at the botton of the table; the waitress should hand round at least two of the dessert dishes. The things on the sideboard ought then to be cleared away, and plate-bucket, knife-box, and everything of that kind taken out of the room. Laying the sideboard is almost as important as the table; it should have a nice white cloth spread on it, and everything neatly arranged, such as cruet-stand, salver, plenty of knives, forks, and spoons, cheese-plates, dessert-plates, corkscrew, and everything that may be required during dinner. I omitted to mention that when beer, stout, or anything that is drunk out of a tumbler, is handed round, the waitress should bring the salver in the left hand and stand it at the person's left, holding the salver for the tumbler to be placed on it, and then pouring out the stout. A waiter's tray in the hall is a most useful thing to put dirty dishes on, as, if there are animals in the house, it is sometimes dangerous to place the dishes on the ground.]

Cure for Stammering.

K. P. will be glad if any correspondent will kindly let her know through the columns of the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine a cure for stammering.

Ferns.

Those who have been fairly inoculated with the love of Ferns will be interested to learn that many species of these beautiful plants are used not only for food and medicine, but for economic purposes. As food, they are chiefly useful to the aboriginal inhabitants of some foreign countries. In the larger of the exotic Ferns—the tree-like species—the inner part of the stem, stipes or rhizoma—corresponding to what would be the pith in other plants—and sometimes the whole of the tuberous rhizoma, is eaten generally after being boiled. In India some of the natives boil the tops of one species of Fern, and eat it with shrimp-curry. Amongst ourselves, two of the most beautiful species—the Bracken and the Male Fern—are said to have been some-

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times used as ingredients in the manufacture of beer; whilst one foreign species (*Aspidium fragrans*) is actually stated to have been used for making tea. Our native Maidenhair used at one time to furnish a principal ingredient for a syrup called 'capillaire.' . . . . The rootstock of the Royal Fern (*Osmunda regalis*), was in times gone by reputed to possess the quality of healing wounds, whether applied to them externally, or taken inwardly in the form of a decoction. Its outward application was considered a specific against bruises or sprains, and good for bones broken or out of joint; and, taken inwardly, it was also believed to be good for colic and for splenetic disorders. In some parts of Europe its rootstock is said to be used, after being boiled in water, for the purpose of starching linen. . . . . A pleasant and familiar inhabitant of our lanes and woods—the Common Polypody—(*Polypodium vulgare*)—has had ascribed to it, by ancient herbalists, various medicinal qualities, amongst them being the power of curing coughs and asthmatic affections, the dried rhizomas being powdered for the purpose and mixed with honey.—*The Fern World.* By Francis George Heath.

Ferns love to grow where the land is musical with running water; where great woods fling their shadows upon the hillside, and hang darkly over stream-crossed valleys; where rivers, wandering over the crests of towering rocks, and leaping from the sunlight, fall foaming into dark pools, bristling below with sharp points of stone, to be carried thence, in fury, down steep inclines to the sea; where for long miles the landscape undulates into heathery waves, broken by clumps of gorse on rocky mounds, sheltered by prickly hawthorn or trailing sprays of blackberry; where undulating meadows, cleft into many a sheltered hollow, roll gracefully away as far as the eye can reach where storm-tossed waves roar upon the rugged points of a rocky coast, and echo into many a cavernous hollow moist with the perpetual droppings of percolating water; where, in short, mountain and valley or hill and glen commingle; and towering rocks or stately woods, jutting knolls and arching branches, play with sunshine and shadow, and caress the sides of running streams, whose sparkling waters give birth to soft, moist vapours.—*The Fern World.* By Francis George Heath.

Quotation Found.

THE words Eleanor inquired for are from the following, by Philip Bourke Marston:—

"ALL IN ALL.

"A little time for laughter,
A little time to sing,
A little time to kiss and cling,
And no more kissing after.

"A little while for scheming
Love's unperfected schemes,
A little time for golden dreams,
Then no more any dreaming.

"A little time 'twas given
To me to have thy love
Now like a ghost alone I move
About a ruined heaven.

"A little time for speaking
Things sweet to say and hear,
A time to seek and find thee near,
Then no more any seeking.

"A little time for saying
Words the heart breaks to say;
A short, sharp time wherein to pray,
Then no more need for praying.

"But long, long years to weep in,
And comprehend the whole
Great grief that desolates whole lives,
Eternity to sleep in."

Recipe for Fig Pudding.

JENNIE writes—"DEAR HUMMING-BIRD,—May we trouble you to give a recipe for fig puddings in next month's Magazine, which we have heard are very nice? We have taken the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE for several years, and have found some of the recipes very useful." [The recipe given in MRS. Beeton's three-and-sixpenny *Dictionary of Cookery* is as follows:—Ingredients, 1lb. of figs, 6 oz. of suet, ¾lb. of flour, milk. Mode: Chop the suet finely, mix with it the flour, and make it into a smooth paste with milk. Roll it out to about the thickness of half an inch, cut the figs in small pieces and strew them over the paste. Roll it up, make the ends secure, tie the pudding in a cloth, and boil it from an hour and a-half to two hours.

The Prize Poem on Child Life.

DAISY, who with the beginning of this year became a monthly subscriber, through the publishers, to the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, would be obliged by the Editor stating whether it is necessary she should pay in advance to enter the list of competitors for the prize offered for the poem on Child Life. [No.]

Mounting Peacocks' Tails.

M. E. H. writes—"I have two peacocks' tails which I am anxious to have mounted as screens. The feathers are not moulted in the usual way, but are attached to the skin, so the tails are quite whole as if on the bird. The birds died and were skinned. I do not know how to mount them, and would feel grateful if some of the readers of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE could suggest something about mounting the tails for drawing-room ornaments."

How to Choose Silks.

DORA COPPERFIELD.—There are two ways to judge silks. Note the closeness and evenness of the ribs, and hold it to the light to judge the better of this. That shows the texture. Then crush the material in the hand and release it suddenly. Note if it springs out quickly; that is the verve, and should leave no crease behind. The quality of the silk is denoted by the verve. The Italian silk is the softest in the world, and often wanting in stiffness of appearance. The Chinese silk is the poorest, and deficient in verve. And, again, there is a great deal of silk manufactured which is adulterated with a material called jute, which is interwoven with the fibre of the silk. This manufacture will be found very deficient in verve. It is a silk which, if wetted, stiffens almost like paper.

"At Home" Cards.

"C. D., Palm Cottage," writes—SIR,—Will you kindly tell me in the next number of your Magazine what is the etiquette of 'at home cards?' If one of these cards is sent, is there any necessity to reply to it?" [It is only necessary to reply when the card bears the letters "R. S. V. P."

Norwegian Art Needlework.

A CORRESPONDENT at the Paris Exhibition writes as follows:—"In art needlework Mdlle. Foyn, of Tonsberg, is first—and this is saying a good deal—in the Norwegian section. She embroidered in yellow silk the deep purple cloth chair, settee, and table-covers of a library set, exhibited by Meyer, a leading cabinet-maker of Christiania. When M. Christophersen thought I had sufficiently admired them he took me to a medallion picture of a wolf-dog's head hanging beside a bookcase. 'Is that painted or drawn?' he asked me. At first I thought it was painted, and said to him, 'Another point of resemblance with England—you too have a Landseer.' 'Look again,' he went on; 'look close.' I obeyed, and found the supposed painting had been done with a needle. It was 'from nature,' I was told, and by a lady who does not know how to draw with a pencil. She will do anything with her needle, and never blunder in the perspective or the drawing.' A fellow-medallion, representing a Newfoundland's head, also by Mdlle. Foyn, is no less spirited, true, and beautiful. I should like to see the Landseer Gallery reproduced by her needle on whitey-yellow silk."

Rose Legends.

In the neighbourhood of Jerusalem is a pleasant valley which still bears the name of Solomon's Rose Garden, and where, according to a Mahommedan myth, a compact was made between the Wise Man and the genii of the Morning Land, which was writ, not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rosewater upon the petals of white roses. In the Catholic Tyrol, in the present day, betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses have played and still play an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their entrance into the world, and when,

at the end of life's career, the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift, in the shape of a rose-garland, is laid upon her bier. Julius Cæsar, it is recorded, was fain to hide his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose-gardens, as Anacreon hid the snows of eighty under a wreath of roses. At Mid-Lent the Pope sends a garden rose to particular churches or crowned heads whom he designs especially to honour. Martin Luther wore a rose at his girdle. In these instances the rose serves as a symbol of ecclesiastical wisdom. A rose was figured on the headsman's axe of the Vœhmgericht. Many orders, fraternities, and societies have taken the rose as their badge. The "Rosicrucians" may be instanced. The "Society of the Rose," of Hamburg, an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century, is a less known example. It was divided into four sections, the Roses, the Lilies, the Violets, and the Pinks. The holy Medardus instituted in France the custom of "La Rosière," by which, in certain localities, a money gift and a crown of roses were bestowed on the devoutest and most industrious maiden in the commune. The infamous Duke de Châtrès established an "Order of the Rose," with a diametrically opposite intention, the avowed object being the undermining of female virtue. At Treviso a curious rose-feast is, or was, held annually. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the best-born maidens in the city against the attacks of the young bachelors, almonds, nutmegs, roses, and squirts filled with rose-water being the ammunition freely used on both sides.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

Music Signs.

ELEANOR.—It was not until the close of the twelfth century that the simple method of representing sounds by the little dots we call notes became universal; until this time Greek letters and signs between coloured lines were used. A hundred years earlier, a monk, Guido Aretino, had been struck with hearing his choir sing a hymn to St. John the Baptist, in which the first note of every line was a tone higher than the last.

"*Ut* queant laxis
Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum
Solve polluti
Labii reatum,
Sancte Johannes!"

sang the sweet clear voices, and Guido adopted the first syllables to help his pupils to distinguish the notes.

Some time afterwards a seventh syllable was added, and *Ut* was changed for *Do*.

Magazines Wanted.

HAVEN writes—"Will some one kindly tell me where I can get several years' ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE bound in the proper covers, and also where I can procure some back numbers of 1874, 1875, and 1878?"

Useful Recipes.

Chocolate Cream.—Mix the yolks of six eggs (strained) with two ounces of pounded loaf sugar and two ounces of grated chocolate, add one pint of milk; set the mixture on the fire in a double saucepan, the inner one filled with hot water, and keep stirring till the cream thickens; dissolve in a little milk four sheets of the best gelatine, add this to the cream and strain it into a bowl, put this over ice, stirring till the miqture begins to set, then add one pint of well-whipped cream. Put a mould in the ice, pour in the cream, cover in with ice, and when quite set turn it out and serve.

Broiled Chickens.—Procure two very young spring chickens, pluck and draw them carefully without injuring the skin. Take a very sharp knife and cut each exactly in two; sprinkle with a little pepper and salt, rub a little fresh salad on over each piece, and thoroughly egg and breadcrumb them. Rub a little suet on a clean gridiron, place it over a very clear fire, with the four pieces of chicken, broil them very carefully until of a nice brown colour; then having ready a hot dish, with four pieces of toasted bread on it, lay half a chicken on each piece of toast, and pour over all a good white sauce, which must be made with a little raw cream.

To Preserve Pineapples.—Peel the pineapple, cutting out all the brown eyes, as they give a bitter taste. Cut in small pieces, say two inches large. Mix thoroughly in a large earthen dish with plenty of granulated sugar, the same as for eating. Have the jars ready scalded and dried, put in the fruit packed closely, and, after filling, run a silver knife or spoon in at the sides to exclude the air, and seal up at once. No cooking required. This will be found delicious sweetmeats, even better than the fresh fruit.

Coffee Cake.—Beat up the yolks of four eggs, quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and gradually two ounces of flour and two ounces of potato flour; lastly the whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth. When the whole is well mixed, put it in a buttered plain mould and bake. Turn out the cake when done, and when it is quite cold cover it evenly all over with the following icing, ornamenting it with piping of the icing pushed through a paper cone. This last operation must be done with care, lest the heat of the hand warm the icing. When the cake is finished it should be put in a cold place or on ice till the time of serving. The icing:—Take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter and a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding drop by drop, during the process, half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

Caper Sauce for Fish.—Half a pint of melted butter, three dessertspoonfuls of capers, one dessertspoonful of their liquor, a small piece of glaze if at hand (this may be dispensed with), one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, ditto of pepper, one tablespoonful of anchovy essence. Cut the capers across once or twice, but do not chop them fine; put them in a saucepan with half a pint of good melted butter, and add all the other ingredients. Keep stirring the whole until it just simmers, when it is ready to serve.

"Tip-Top" Potatoes.—Boil eight large potatoes in their skins, and let them cool. When cold peel them and cut them into thick slices. Put into a stewpan two ounces of butter in a thin slice, and when it is melted add a teacupful of well-seasoned stock or gravy, a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley, chopped onion, and a teaspoonful of mixed pepper and salt. Stir these well together over the fire till hot, add the potatoes, simmer five minutes, stir in the juice of a lemon, and serve hot.

Baked Tomatoes—Take a deep pudding dish and butter the inside of it well; first put in a layer of breadcrumbs, then a layer of peeled sliced tomatoes, then a small onion cut very thin; dredge on a little flour, pepper, and salt; now begin with breadcrumbs again, tomatoes, onion, and seasoning, till the dish is full; the top layer must be breadcrumbs, with salt and pepper, and a few small bits of butter over it; put this in the oven; keep it covered with a tin plate for an hour, then remove the plate and let it brown. It does not require too hot an oven. It will take at least two hours to bake. Those who wish can add sugar to suit the taste. It is better to send to table in the dish used for baking.

Lobster Croquettes.—Mince the flesh of a lobster to the size of small dice, season with pepper, salt, spices, and as much cayenne as will rest on the point of a trussing-needle. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, then the lobster, and some chopped parsley; moisten with a little stock until the mixture looks like minced veal; then stir into it off the fire a couple of yolks of eggs, and put it by to get cold; when nearly so, shape it into the form of corks, egg them, and roll them in baked breadcrumbs. After the lapse of an hour, egg and breadcrumb them again, taking care to preserve the shape. After a little time fry them a nice colour in hot lard.

NOTICE.

LADIES wishing to advertise work of home manufacture, tinting of cartes, pet animals, &c., for sale, can do so in this portion of the paper. Charge for insertion, one penny per word.

ADVERTISEMENTS of cosmetics, depilatories, and hair-dyes cannot be inserted here.

Ladies' own materials cut out and fitted at a moderate charge at 40, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. Lessons in cutting out and fitting. For particulars address Madame Letellier. The use of the Wanzer Sewing Machine and the Darning Machine taught. Lessons free to purchasers.

CHEAP POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.—"The fine cambric handkerchiefs sold by ROBINSON AND CLEAVER far excel any I have hitherto

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seen at the same prices." Write for specimens of their exquisitely fine lad'es' hem-stitched at half-a-guinea per dozen, as they are marvellous good. Samples post free. Makers to the Queen, Belfast.—ADVT.

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LADIES having old jewellery for disposal should send it to Messrs. RICHMOND HARMAN AND CO., 13, Balsall Heath-road, Birmingham, who take it in exchange for new jewellery, or give full value in cash.—ADVT.

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ALL the most useful shapes in real Irish linen collars for children, at 3s. 11d. per dozen; for ladies, at 4s. 6d.; and for gents, 4-fold, from 5s. 6d. per dozen; 3-fold cuffs for children, 5s. 11d. per dozen, and for ladies and gents at 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per dozen. Write for samples (post free), and you will save 50 per cent. ROBINSON AND CLEAVER, Belfast.—ADVT.

"BARGAINS TO LADIES."—Washing lawns, 2½d. per yard; snowflakes, 4s. 6d. 12 yards; black velveteen, 1s. 11½d.; black alpacas from 3½d. per yard; cashmeres, 1s. 2½d. per yard, fine quality; grenadines, black, 5s. 9d. 12 yards. Patterns post free. S. AMERY, 7, High-street, Clapham, S.W., London.—ADVT.

CREAM unshrinkable flannel, oatmeal cloths, striped calicoes, ivory basketine, and other novelties for dresses. One stamp for patterns. C. WILLIAMSON, 91, Edgware-road, or Leighton Buzzard.—ADVT.

Ladies' gold watches, real good, are sold by the Co-operative Jewellers, 13, Balsall Heath-road, Birmingham, at 4l2s. 6d.; full jewelled, at £3; gold lever, with chronometer balance, sunk seconds, and every improvement, only £4 4s. Gold keyless watches from £5. See advertisement in *Sylvia's Journal*.—ADVT.

"I COULD hardly believe that such excellent qualities as their ladies' bordered real Irish cambric handkerchiefs, hemmed for use at 3s. 11d. and 5s. 11d. per dozen, could be sold for the prices." See Press. Samples post free. ROBINSON AND CLEAVER, Manufacturers to Her Majesty, Belfast.—ADVT.

LADIES, send 20 stamps to Manageress, Underclothing Department, E. AVIS and Co., 213, Upper-street, Islington, N., for an article of great comfort and utility to all ladies. No one should be without this useful article.—ADVT.

SPRING DRESSES, 4s. 6d. to 12s. 6d.. quite new this season; Galatea, 3½d.; skirtings, 3½d. per yard; white piqués, 4d. to 4½d. per yard; workhouse skirting for dresses, 6½d. per yard; fine serges, 6½d. per yard; cretonnes, 3¾d.; prints, 2s. 11d. dress. Patterns free. S. AMERY, 7, High-street, Clapham, S.W., London.—ADVT.

SILK, Spun Silk, Lisle Thread, Balbriggan and Woollen Hosiery of the most fashionable makes, direct from the manufacturer. Warranted the best Derbyshire make, and surpassed by none in the trade. Price lists and samples sent on application to STEPHEN ELLIOTT, Manufacturing Hosier, Swanwick, Alfreton, Derbyshire.—ADVT.

LADIES wanting a first-class silver watch should send to the Co-operative Jewellers' Association, 13, Balsall Heath-road, Birmingham, for one of theirs at 19s. 6d., enamelled dial; or at 25s., full jewelled, or at 30s., with silver face and crystal glass. See advertisement in *Sylvia's Journal*.—ADVT.

LEATHER-MAKE CALICO.—This famous make for durability has been greatly reduced in price. Send 1 stamp for patterns. C. WILLIAMSON, 91, Edgware-road, or Leighton Buzzard.—ADVT.

FOR SALE, two pieces of Chinese grass cloth, one white with narrow satin stripes, the other a lovely shade of pale blue, with wider satin stripes of the same colour. Each piece contains twenty yards, the material being 24½ inches wide. Price of each piece, £3 3s. The fabric resembles a very fine silk grenadine, but has a higher gloss, and is simply untearable. Will clean repeatedly. Send for patterns to G. G., care of HUMMING-BIRD.—ADVT.

WONDERFULLY PRETTY. A novelty for Spring Dresses. "Washing Metallane," which represents quite a revival of a bygone taste and fashion, very effective. Write for patterns early. The price is exceedingly low—viz., 10¾d. per yard, 28 inch. Also a lot of black satins from 1s. 6½d. per yard, very cheap. Black and coloured cashmeres, 1s. 8½d. per yard, 42 inch. Bridesmaids' cashmeres, 1s. 11½d. per yard, exquisite shades. Patterns free. S. AMERY, 7, High-street, Clapham, S.W., London.—ADVT.

"SUCH cheap pocket-handkerchiefs for gentlemen, hemmed for use, as their real Irish cambric at 5s. 10d., and beautifully fine at 8s. 11d. per dozen, and their gents' hem-stitched, now so fashionable, at 12s. per dozen, are a boon indeed." *Vide* Press. Samples post free. ROBINSON AND CLEAVER, by appointment to the Queen, Belfast.—ADVT.

LAVINIA'S Roman and Chinese Unbreakable Pearl Trinkets for Wedding and Soirées, look like real pearls. Roman necklace, 8s.; Chinese, twelve rows, ditto, 10s.; with tassels, 12s. 6d.; negligées, 12s.; earrings, 2s. and 2s. 6d.; bracelets, 5s. each; crosses, 2s.; pendants, 1s. 6d. LAVINIA makes real rock-coral crosses, very strong, and greatly admired; fashionable rock and seed coral earrings, massive, or light tassel pattern; elegant festoon necklaces in five rows; very pretty children's necklets with cross attached to centre; infants' shoulder-knots, two qualities; infants' handsome necklets, to match best shoulder-knots; handsome massive bracelets, with two tassels on each; same pattern without tassels, less expensive; chain pattern, to pass twice round the wrist, all with good snaps. Also, most beautiful brooches of rock and round coral, with loops and tassels, all post free. LAVINIA has some real German onyx, which she is enabled to offer much under price; necklaces, crosses, earrings, brooches, pendant bracelets. LAVINIA will pack carefully, and prepay carriage of parcels over £2 to any part of India. LAVINIA'S price list, suitable for gifts.—Coral: Massive earrings, 3s. 4d.; tassel ditto, 4s.; festoon necklaces, 9s.; children's necklets, 5s. 6d.; infants' ditto, 5s. 6d.; shoulder-knots, pair, 2s. 6d.; ditto, 4s. 6d.; tassel bracelets, pair, 10s. 6d.; ditto, 8s.; ditto, 5s. 6d.; brooches, 10s. 6d.; coral crosses, 1s. 6d. Onyx: Onyx stone bracelets, 5s. 6d. each; necklace with cross, 10s. 6d. each; ditto with 5 elaborate pendants, 16s.; ditto with 4 pear-shaped pendants, 12s. 6d.; earrings, 4s.; brooches, 8s.; bracelets, 3s. 6d. each; crosses, 2s.; ditto, 2s. 6d.; red ditto, 2s. 6d.; small ditto, 1s.; onyx lockets, 12s. Please address, by letter only, LAVINIA, Scadding's Library, Belgrave-road, Pimlico, S.W.—ADVT.

COMMISSIONS FROM ABROAD.

To judge from the letters that appear from time to time in the columns of the Conversazione from ladies residing abroad, they appear to experience great difficulty in obtaining articles of dress of recent fashion and good style, and it seems almost impossible for dwellers in India, America, and Australia to procure the many luxuries of the wardrobe, the dressing-room, and the cuisine, which to those who live at home have almost become necessaries. The convenience, therefore, seems to be considerable that would accrue to our subscribers, and even at home, in places remote from fashion and shops, from being placed in a position to correspond with some one in London capable of executing commissions for ladies. It is in the belief that she may be useful in this way that Madame Adèle Letellier, 40, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, has made arrangements which enable her to execute any orders of the foregoing kind.

In transmitting such commissions, ladies are requested to be very precise in giving details, description, &c., of the articles they order, as it would be impossible to change them after having been sent abroad.

Madame Letellier reserves the right of charging ten per cent. commission upon articles the purchase of which entails much outlay of time or expense of other kinds.

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ABSORBING WOOLLEN WATERPROOF APRON

is characterised by softness and luxurious comfort instead of the cold clammy feeling of ordinary waterproof aprons.

It is free from all sources of irritation to the child, having no superfluous ornamental fancy work about it; it is, therefore, specially made for usefulness.

It is constructed in simplicity to enable it to be frequently washed and sweetened.

It has the advantage of being used in conjunction with the best of dresses without the slightest risk of their being spoiled. So completely does it answer this purpose, that it becomes a great comfort to the wearer. Ladies, therefore, who have occasion to nurse their infants in the Drawing Room, will find in this Apron an article nice in appearance and a true preventive of trouble and annoyance.

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Prices, 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., according to quality.

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I am, faithfully yours, THOS. FOSTER KER, Surgeon.

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